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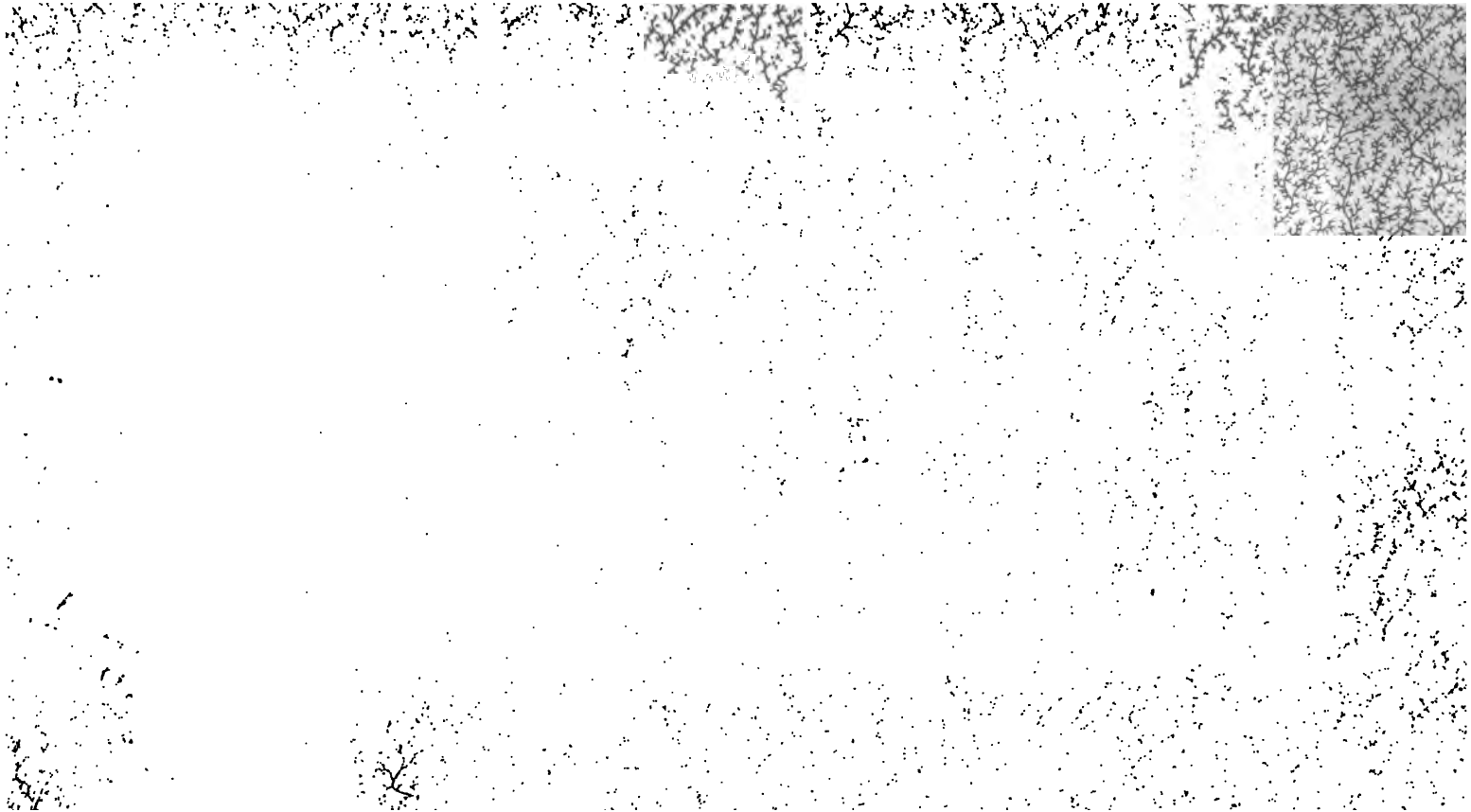

THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D.D.

AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION,

COMPLETE IN NINE VOLUMES.

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OF

THE FIFTH VOLUME.

[The Article marked thus † was not inserted in Dr. WARBURTON's Edition.]

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THE

DUNCIAD,

IN FOUR BOOKS,

WITH THE

PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,

THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,

AND

NOTES VARIORUM.

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ASTOR, LENOX
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A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE

FIRST CORRECT EDITION

OF

THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this poem.

Such notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person, whose Friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than

to him or any man living, engaged me in inquiries, of which the enclosed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that most of these Authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprised if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce: but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem, which, would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: Ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his Friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. Pope done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves

were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent; in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers: I mean by authors without names; then I thought, since the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in church and state, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abused all, even to women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy divisions of their country) have insulted the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number, who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character), but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these peo-

ple say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their titles[1], and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the poem is, that the persons are too obscure for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, ob-

[1] Which we have done in a list printed in the Appendix.

security renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Laws can pronounce judgment only on open facts; morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief: so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are poor. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than defamation (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But poverty is here the accident, not the subject: He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend less in their morals than in their writings; must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of a hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it: for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough, to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allowed, our author, by and in this poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his ad-

mirers, nor promised in return to be theirs: that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally subsisting, for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true, "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If obscurity or poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should folly or dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome: and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed because ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who

are not naturally fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to those who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor, or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greatest Poet and most judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our author, in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their superiors, in the general esteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongst foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective nations[2]. But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the

[2] Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same, in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I. after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated into French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse; by Monsieur Silhouette, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almost all his poems, our author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he should give us an edition of this poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by Boileau.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or success; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of fashion[3]. A satire,

[3] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the town declaimed against his book of poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumball, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-Sea year, and after his death: Others only in Epitaphs.

therefore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely, the greatest and best of all parties. Let me add a farther reason, that, though engaged in their friendships, he never espoused their animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice, who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDIIS GRATIAM.

I am

Your most humble servant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND[4].

[4] This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the university of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commissioners of the customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England; in which, having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the Minister, in the

sixty-eighth year of his age; and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.—And yet, for all this, the public would never believe him to be the author of this letter. P. W.

Many reasons have been alleged to prove it was written by our author himself.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

DUNCIAD:

WITH THE

HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

Dennis, Remarks on Pr. Arthur.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

THE Persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part Authors, and most of those Authors, Poets: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

Gildon, Pref. to his New Rehearsal.

IT is the common cry of the Poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the Pretenders to wit and poetry. The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with Ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor—The same will hold in the republic of Letters, if the Critics and Judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

Theobald, Lett. to Mist, June 22, 1728.

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against Failures in Genius, or against the Pretensions of writing without one.

Concanen, Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.

A SATIRE upon Dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS Lectori S.

BEFORE we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical but a moral nature, by being

let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education: but as to these, even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith[5], he was educated at home; another[6], that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third[7], not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth[8], that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor: One saith[9], he was kept by his father on purpose; a second[1], that he was an itinerant priest; a third[2], that he was a parson; one[3] calleth him a secular clergyman of the church of Rome; another[4], a monk. As

[5] Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his Life.
[6] Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4.
[7] Dunciad dissected, p. 4.
[8] Guardian, N° 40.
[9] Jacob's Lives, &c. vol. ii.
[1] Dunciad dissected, p. 4.
[2] Farmer P. and his son.
[3] Dunciad dissected.
[4] Characters of the Times, p. 45.

little do they agree about his father, whom one[5] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another[6], a husbandman; another[7], a hatter, &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father, as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Demon: for thus Mr. Gildon[8]: "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanted nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal Father." Finding therefore such contrariety of Opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the Life of our Poet, till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of Critics,

Mr. John Dennis.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions ab-

[5] Female Dunciad, p. ult. [6] Dunciad dessected.

[7] Reome, Paraphrase on the ivth of Genesis, printed 1729.

[8] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd), in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4, and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

surd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common:—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place: "What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably[9]."

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical Historian,

Mr. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery[1]."

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

Mr. LEONARD WELSTEAD;

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dry-

[9] Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called an Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

[1] Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of The Critical History of England.

den, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth[2]:
"As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common-place. Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great Authorities, we can only oppose that of

Mr. ADDISON.

"[3]The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was published some months since, is a masterpiece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: That wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in ad-

[2] Preface to his Poems, p. 18. 53. [3] Spectator, N° 253.

vancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his reflections, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind; The Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

Mr. JOHN DENNIS,

"'That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ

[4] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.

in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: the author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Dispensary,

Dr. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont[5], differs from this opinion; "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the One written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the Epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise in opposition to it; but forgot innocence and virtue: if you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembles that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of—

Mr. PRIOR

himself, saying in his Alma[6],

"O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd

[5] Printed 1728, p. 12. [6] Alma, Caut. ii.

A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless," &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, Kt.

Who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation[7]."

That ready writer

Mr. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

Mr. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it[8]: "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: but when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes, That he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in Reputation (printed in Mist's

[7] In his Essays, Vol. i. printed for E. Curl.
[8] Censor, Vol. ii. N° 33.

Journal, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in Reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8,

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:

Mr. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, N° 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their Historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger muse was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before[9]. Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713. Where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakspeare on the stage: "Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be Mr. Theobald, Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728), publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of Money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8: "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same: I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.

"After the Iliad he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey; and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he

[9] Vid. pref. to Mr. Tickel's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to.

employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

Mr. POPE's PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY,
(printed for J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakspeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson: and that the benefit of this Proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying "That he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these Underlings are become good writers!

If any say that, before the said proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount HARCOURT, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the Lord BATHURST, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehold.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad dissected reporteth, "Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest Peers and brightest Wits then living."

"No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea, any one gentleman whose subscription, Mr. Addison procured to our author; let him stand forth, that truth may appear! Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas." In verity the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke, sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorized to declare, will sufficiently evince the truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality), to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, Gent.

"[1] Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman procured a modern comedy (the Rival Modes), published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that "These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them;" &c. Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq. and others who knew them as our author's long before the said gentleman composed his play; it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

[1] Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

Mr. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

"[2]The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our Religion and Constitution, and who has been dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

[2] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines;

"[3] And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he deciphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

"[4] Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou choose,
What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant Muse?
Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Tho' ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train;
Thy soul's delight."——

[3] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.
[4] Poem prefixed to his works.

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

Mr. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

"[5]Oh! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life, and blest in all thy lays.
Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
And ev'n thy life be faultless as thy line.
Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral satirist

Dr. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

"[6]Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muses' train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?"

Mr. MALLET,

in his epistle on Verbal Criticism:

"Whose life severely scan'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme, is but his second praise."

Mr. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

"Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song."

[5] In his poems printed for B. Lintot.
[6] Universal Passion, Sat. I.

Mr. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

" Altho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song."

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

Mr. WILLIAM BROOME.

" [7]Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own life transcribe th' unerring laws."

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

" A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By Patriots, Priests, and Poets, taught.
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each bus'ness fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: first again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he

[7] In his poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.

brands them with some defect which is just *contrary to some good quality*, for which all their *friends and their acquaintance* commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to *people of quality*, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the Character of Mr. P. and his writings (printed by S. Popping 1716), he saith, "though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he *laughs at it;*" but that "nevertheless, he is a *virulent Papist;* and yet a *pillar* for the *church of England.*"

Of both which opinions

Mr. Lewis Theobald

seems also to be; declaring in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1718, "That if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his business to cackle to both Parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his *pique* against *people of quality*, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had, by some means or other, the *acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility.*"

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of[8] Guardians and Examiners? an asserter of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole

[8] The names of two weekly papers.

account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a *price set on his head*, and to be hunted down as a *wild beast*[9]. Another protests that he does not know *what may happen;* advises him to *ensure his person;* says he has *bitter enemies*, and expressly declares it will be well if he *escapes with his life*[1]. One desires he would *cut his own throat, or hang himself*[2]. But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament then under prosecution[3]. Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a *Minister*, that he is one of the most *dangerous persons in this kingdom*[4]; and assureth the public, that he is an *open* and *mortal enemy* to his country; a monster, that *will*, one day, shew as *daring a soul* as a *mad Indian*, who runs a *muck* to kill the first Christian he meets[5]. Another gives information of *Treason* discovered in his poem[6].

[9] Theobald, letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

[1] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.

[2] Gulliveriana, p. 332. [3] Anno 1723. [4] Anno 1729.

[5] Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the last page of that treatise.

[6] Page 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with *Kings* and *Princesses*[7]. And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the two most SACRED NAMES in this nation, as members of the Dunciad[8]!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him.

Mr. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakspeare, declares, "He has so great an *esteem* for Mr. Pope, and so high an *opinion* of his *genius* and *excellences;* that notwithstanding he professes a *veneration almost rising to Idolatry* for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loath even to do *him* justice, at the expense of that *other gentleman's* character[9]."

Mr. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "That Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love[1]." He also, in

[7] Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit. p. 18.

[8] A list of persons, &c. at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.

[9] Introduction to his Shakspeare Restored, in quarto, p. 3.

[1] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, p. 97, 98.

taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

Mr. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only[2]."

The author of a Letter to Mr. Cibber says, "[3]Pope *was* so good a versifier [*once*], that his predecessor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* equal to any body's. And, that he *had* all the merit that a man can have that way." And

Mr. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

"But in his other works what beauties shine,
While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!
These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
And bade them live to brighten future days[4]."

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell[5], in that poem, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth,

[2] In his prose Essay on Criticism.
[3] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.
[4] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.
[5] Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.

" 'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest
stream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, "The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit;" yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. *In all his works* we find the most *happy turns* and *natural similes*, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p. 25, it is very full of *beautiful images*. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our laureat,

Mr. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer.—A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had been buried in oblivion[6]." Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it, but *himself;* as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

[6] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9. 12.

The said

Mr. DENNIS and GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works the forecited character (p. 5) do in concert[7] confess, "That some men of *good understanding* value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17), "That he has got, like Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;

[7] *in concert*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place. "As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in *concert* with any one man whatsoever. And these two Letters from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in *concert* with each other.

"Sir,

——"The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour."

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

"CH. GILDON."

"Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

I, whom no bribe to servile flatt'ry drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy muse sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear."

And

Mr. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[8] to the unknown author on the first publication of the said Essay: "I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, Sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c. &c. &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, instar omnium, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, solely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the *approbation* this Essay meets with[9].—I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had *success* infinitely beyond their merit.—This, though an empty, has been

[8] In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.
[9] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.

a *popular* scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him *reputation*[1].—If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben. Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I shall shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness; and more squandered away upon *one object*, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone:—But if I should venture to assure him, that the PEOPLE of ENGLAND had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a *malicious enemy*, and *slanderer*; or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) *Ministry* was designed by fate to encourage *Fools*[2]."

But it happens, that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription for his Homer of 200*l.* from King George I, and 100*l.* from the Prince and Princess.

However, lest we imagine our author's Success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is

[1] Pref. to his Rem. on Homer. [2] Rem. on Hom. p. 8, 9.

the writer. Of this sort Mr. DENNIS[3] ascribes to him *two farces*, whose names he does not tell, but assures us that *there is not one jest in them:* and an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us *it is much more execrable than all his works*[4]. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11, 1728, assures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater matched, and the Boarding-School, are better than the What-d'ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P's, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "That he was writing a *play* of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterward proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are assured by another, "He wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe[5];" which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's. Mr. THEOBALD assures, in Mist of the 27th of April, "That the treatise of the *Profund* is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver[6]." [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are assured in Mist of June 8, "That his own *plays* and *farces* would better have adorned the Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which,

[3] Rem. on Homer, p. 8.
[4] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.
[5] Ibid. p. 6.
[6] Gulliv. p. 336.

whether true or not, it is not easy to judge; inasmuch as he had attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself. "Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the child[7]?"

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy[8]: if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public[9]. The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which had not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet bet-

[7] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 19.

[8] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1 of his translation of the Iliad.

[9] The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyssey.

ter concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then it was evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, That his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM[1].

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *measure*, to heroic poesy. But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his poetic, chap. iv. doth farther set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to tragedy, so did this poem to comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it, was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so), than any of the actors of our poem. MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first;* and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a

[1] All this discourse was written by Pope.

tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem therefore celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad;* which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet hath translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost; and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad.*

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and toil than an intimation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land: whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea

of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence of the press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either calumny or blasphemy, as long as the town would call for it.

[2] Now our author, living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left.* In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country. First taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such authors, namely *Dulness* and *Poverty;* the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *allegory* [3] (as the construction of epic poesy requireth), and feigns that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works[4]. He proceedeth to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce[5]; then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them[6]; and (above all) that *self-opinion*[7]; which causeth it to seem to themselves

[2] Vide Bossu, Du Poeme Epique, ch. viii.
[3] Bossu, chap. vii.
[4] Book I. ver. 32, &c.
[5] Ver. 45 to 54,
[6] Bossu, ver. 57 to 77.
[7] Ver. 80.

vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding) was to be exemplified in some *one great and remarkable action*[8]: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration[9] of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world; as the action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.

A *person* must next be fixed upon to support this action. This *phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *name*[1]: he finds it to be——; and he becomes of course the Hero of the poem.

The *fable* being thus, according to the best example, one and entire, as contained in the proposition; the *machinery* is a continued chain of allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire, of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath

[8] Bossu, chap. vii. viii.

[9] Altered from the edition 1729. See the note at the beginning of B. IV. of the Dunciad.

[1] Bossu, chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. ix. chap.

its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd, assembled in the second book, demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other episodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters, of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: the first concerneth the plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second libelous Novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages, would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *silly flies*[1]:" but adds, our Author's wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon any other person whatever."

The *descriptions* are singular, the *comparisons* very quaint, the *narration* various, yet of one colour;

[1] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. pp. 9. 12. 41.

the purity and chastity of *diction* is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the *words* but only the *images* have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave Doctors and approved Critics.

As it beareth the name of *Epic*, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound Critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself, yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection: at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*. For at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore, at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very *Acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered

it to *sixty*, the year in which he published his Alfred[3]. True it is, that the talents for *criticism*, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in *poetry;* witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with Criticism, became afterward such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason therefore did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad. P.

[3] See his Essays.

Of the matu[illegible]
derived [illegible] as
of the ar[illegible]
the learne[illegible]
to his [illegible]
more de[illegible]
of the p[illegible]
truth [illegible]
for [illegible]
of I[illegible]
up to [illegible]
Homer [illegible]
first build [illegible]
had contrived the story [illegible]
fore they once thought [illegible]
We shall therefore see our [illegible]
world also right in this point [illegible]
that, in the greater epic the p[illegible] of his
of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, or [illegible] pro-

* For it is a singular circumstance, that the hero of the Athenaid, as well as of the Jerusalem, should have been distinguished [illegible] and, for [illegible] with original heroes of the former. And per-[illegible] fatal [illegible] in both pieces, were for the worse

RICHARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM[1].

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the Hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserable halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a Hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a war and a wand'ring before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater epic, the prime intention of the of the muse is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to pro-

[1] For it is a singular circumstance, that the hero of the Rehearsal, as well as of the Dunciad, should have been changed. Howard, not Dryden, was the original hero of the former. And perhaps these changes, in both pieces, were for the worse.

pagate the love of it among the *children* of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the primum mobile of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For, this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, a *Hero*, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these *suns of glory*, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts, with Jove's lightning, on the *goose* and *serpent* kind. For we apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general: "Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit." Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil; and to hate evil

men, from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the *little Epic*, more lively and choleric than her elder sister (whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic). And for this, some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an EXAMPLE. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father himself of Epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic Poets, his Offspring; who in the composition of their *Tetralogy*[5], or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a *Satiric Tragedy*. Happily one of these ancient *Dunciads* (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the Tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contest of an *old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops*, with the heaven-directed *Favourite of Minerva:* who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his *forehead*. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete *Tetralogy;* in which, the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the *satiric* piece?

[5] Richardus Aristarchus is fond of bringing things, however improper and incongruous, into a system. Our Dunciad is to be added to the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, as a satiric piece, to make, as it were, a complete Tetralogy, as the Cyclops of Euripides was added to serious tragedies. This conceit is extremely strained and tortured.

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the *greater Epic* should be an *honest Man;* or, as the French Critics express it, *un honnête homme*[6]: but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the Hero of the *little Epic* should be his very opposite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe, how much juster the *Moral* of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the Heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what neoteric Critics call the *Parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are *Wisdom*, *Bravery*, and *Love*, from whence springeth *heroic Virtue;* it followeth, that those of the lesser Epic Hero should be *Vanity*, *Assurance*, and *Debauchery*, from which happy assemblage resulteth *heroic Dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our Poem.

This being settled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true *Wisdom*, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of Will. And are the advantages of *Vanity*, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they

[6] Si un Heros Poetique doit etre un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poeme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world (will such a one say) impute to me what *Folly* or weakness they please; but till *Wisdom* can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED AT." This, we see, is *Vanity* according to the *heroic* gage or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to *virtues* we *have not;* but the laudable ambition of being *gazed at* for glorying in those *vices*, which every body knows *we have.* "The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them[6]." In short, there is no sort of Vanity such a Hero would scruple to exult in, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, "Whether it would not be *Vanity* in him, to take shame to himself *for not being a wise man*[7]?"

Bravery, the second attribute of the true Hero, is Courage, manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock Hero, is, that same Courage all collected into the FACE. And as Power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only Men, but Gods, Mezentius is, without doubt, the bravest character in all the Aneis! But how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less

[6] Dedication to the Life of COLLEY CIBBER.

[7] Ibid.

of this brave man's, who having told us, that he placed "his *Summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "*If I am misguided*, 'TIS NATURE'S FAULT, *and I follow* HER[7]." Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of *Courage*, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his FACE "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom;" and his *Language* to consist of what we must allow to be the most *daring* Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the *Name of God*.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakspeare calls it) *Summer-teeming Lust*, and evaporates in the heat of *Youth;* doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those *certain strainers* which our Poet somewhere speaketh of[8]. But when it is let alone to work upon the *Lees*, it acquireth strength by *Old age;* and becometh a lasting ornament to the little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such a use: for not only the ignorant may think it *common*, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think (argueth he), to say only *a man has his Whore*[9], ought to go for little or nothing? Because

[7] Life, p. 23. octavo.

[8] "Lust through some certain strainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind."

[9] Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot.
"And has not COLLEY *still* his Lord and Whore,
His Butchers Henley, his Free-Masons Moore?"

defendit numerus, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty[1]." But here he seems not to have done justice to himself; [2]the man is sure enough a Hero, who hath his Lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a *whole well-spent* Life: not taking to himself the commendation (which *Horace* accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing, to the very *dregs*, the same he was from the beginning,

——" Servetur ad IMUM
Qualis ab incepto processerat."——

But here, in justice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her *his* Whore, implieth she was *his own* and not his *neighbour's*. Truly a commendable Continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much Self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that Society, where (according to this political calculator) *nine* in *ten* of all ages have their *concubines!*

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either Hero. But it is not in any, nor in all of these, that Heroism properly or essentially resideth. It

[1] C: Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

[2] Here Aristarchus descends improperly from his gravity into a strain a little ludicrous.

is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, ariseth *Magnanimity* the object of *Admiration*, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from Vanity, Impudence, and Debauchery, springeth *Buffoonery*, the source of *Ridicule*, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termed it, of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth that not *Reason* but *Risibility* distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature (saith this profound philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our Risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our *happiness*, as by *our Os sublime*, OUR ERECTED FACES, to lift the dignity of our *form* above theirs[4]." All this considered, how complete a Hero[5] must he be, as well as how happy a Man, whose Risibility lieth not barely in his *muscles*, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very *spirits*! And whose *Os sublime* is not simply an ERECT FACE, but a *brazen head*; as should seem by his preferring it to one of *Iron*, said to belong to the late king of Sweden[6].

But whatever personal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that

[3] Colley Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

[4] Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24.

[5] Letter, page 8.

[6] In this and many other passages of this discourse, the attempts of Aristarchus, at satire and ridicule, are very frigid and awkward indeed.

all these are of small avail, without the constant *assistance of the* GODS: for the subversion and erection of Empires have never been adjudged the work of Man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of DULNESS. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT; who being the natural patrons and supporters of *Letters*, as the ancient Gods were of *Troy*, must first be drawn off, and engaged in another Interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed Favourite and Intimado of the GREAT. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the Great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itself, might be imposed on, in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what *Sham Hero*, or *Phantom*; but

it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic Acts: and when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines

(though *Laureat* imply no more than *one crown'd with laurel*, as befitteth any associate or Consort in Empire), he loudly resented this indignity to violated Majesty. Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as *fast asleep;* so misbeseeming the Eye of Empire, which, like that of Jove, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah! (saith he) fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool[1]." However, the injured Laureat may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a *sleep*, yet it is not the *sleep of death*, but of *immortality*. Here he will[2] *live* at least, though not *awake;* and in no worse condition than many an enchanted Hero before him. The famous *Durandarte*, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by *Merlin* the *British Bard* and Necromancer: and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of service to our Hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several *persons of quality*[3], only replied with a sigh, *Patience, and shuffle the cards*[4].

[1] Colly Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 53. [2] Ibid. p. 1.
[3] See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.
[4] Don Quixote, Part ii. Book ii. chap. 22.

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of Religion or Government, can escape the stings of Envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our Hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make a Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been Goddess-born, and Princes-bred. What then did this Author mean, by erecting a Player instead of one of his Patrons (a person, "never a Hero even on the stage[5]"), to this dignity of Colleague in the empire of Dulness; and Achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leiden, could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *Fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ: That every man is the* Carver *of his own fortune.* The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to *believe himself a Hero* to be one of the worthiest that ever breathed. "Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will of course be able to achieve the highest." From this principle it followeth, that nothing can exceed our Hero's prowess; as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself; at one time, to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII. of Sweden, for the

[5] See Cibber's Life, p. 148.

excess and delicacy of his Ambition[6]; to HENRY the IV. of FRANCE, for honest Policy[7]; to the first BRUTUS, for love of Liberty[8]; to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power[9]: at another time, to the godlike SOCRATES, for his Diversions and Amusements[1]; to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant Vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired[2]; to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence[3]; and, to say all in a word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himself, in the art of writing *Pastoral letters*[4].

Nor did his *Actions* fall short of the sublimity of his Conceit. In his early youth, he *met the Revolution*[5] face to face in Nottingham; at a time when other Patriots contented themselves to *follow* her. It was here he got acquainted with *Old Battle-array*, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes[6]. But he shone in Courts as well as Camps: he was *called up* when *the Nation fell in labour* of this *Revolution*[7]: and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the Ladies[8].

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation

[6] See Cibber's Life, p. 149. [7] Ibid. p. 424. [8] Ibid. p. 366.
[9] Ibid. p. 457. [1] Ibid. p. 18. [2] Ibid. p. 426.
[3] Ibid. p. 436, 437. [4] Ibid. p. 52. [5] Ibid. 47.

[6] "Old BATTLE-ARRAY in confusion is fled;
And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his stead," &c.
Colley Cibber's Birth-day Ode, or New-year's Ode (I don't know which), on the Peace.

[7] Colley Cibber's Life, p. 57. [8] Ibid. 58, 59.

either to heathen God or Goddess; but what is as good, he was descended from a *Maker* of both[8]. And that he did not pass himself on the world for a Hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault: for, his lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power *to be thought nobody's son at all*[9]: and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a Hero?

But be it (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poesy so requiring) that a Hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this achievement: even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient Sages found a son of Mars in a mighty Warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious Poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of FORTUNE[1] in an artful *Gamester*. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of *Chance*, to assist in restoring the Empire of *Night* and *Chaos?*

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this Hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a Hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour." But to this also we have an answer,

[8] A Statuary. [9] Cibber's Life, p. 6.

[1] A very pitiful jest indeed!

which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from *himself;* who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that HE WILL NEVER CHANGE OR AMEND.

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in *Vanity;* a pleasure which neither the pertness of Wit, nor the gravity of Wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with[2]." Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it: But he telleth us plainly, "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my *Follies* as the best part of my Fortune[3]." And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to *Buffoonery*, "Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my *Follies* than my Skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c. &c[4]." Having then so publicly declared himself INCORRIGIBLE, he is become *dead in law* (I mean the *law Epopiœan)*, and devolveth upon the Poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian Hero; that is to say, *embowelled* and *embalmed* for Posterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking im-

[2] Cibber's Life, p. 424. [3] Ibid. p. 19.
[4] Ibid. p. 17.

mediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few Prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these Oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT[5].

[6] *Tandem* PHŒBUS *adest, morsusque inferre parantem*
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT *hiatus*[7].
W.

[5] Cibber's Life, p. 243, octavo edit.

[6] Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

[7] It is difficult to see the propriety and justness of this application from Ovid.

BY AUTHORITY.

By virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the [1]Act for subjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREAT himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

OC Ch.

[1] A stroke of satire against the act for licensing plays, which was opposed with equal wit and vehemence, by many of our poet's friends, and particularly by the earl of Chesterfield.

THE

DUNCIAD:

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ARGUMENT.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, *and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the* Goddess *in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular; the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues. Then the Poem* hastes into the midst of things, *presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on* Bays *to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem. He is described pensive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire: after debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of* Thule. *She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries; then announcing the death of* Eusden *the Poet Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.*

BOOK I.

THE Mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the Etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee's* (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a *Single Letter* so trivial as to some it may appear: the alteration whereof in a learned language is an Achievement that brings honour to the Critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon." Theobald.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *The Mighty Mother*, &c.] In the first Edit. it was thus,

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.
Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works (so Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cause, in vain decried and curst,
Still——

IMITATIONS.

Say, great Patricians! since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works—

—"Di cœptis (nam vos mutastis et illas.)" Ovid. Met. 1.

I sing. Say you, her instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate;
You by whose care, in vain decry'd, and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;

REMARKS.

in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with Notes. We are willing to acquaint Posterity, that this Poem was presented to King George the Second and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March 1728-9. Schol. Vet.

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very *Hero* of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former Editor, that this Piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his Hero is the Man

——— "who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings."

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel*.

It appears as plainly from the *Apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the Great: whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other Poets of his time, was the *Peculiar Delight* and *Chosen Companion* of the Nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his Works at the *earnest Desire of Persons of Quality*.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 6. Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the *Dunciad*, p. 1), but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

"And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first."

Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.

REMARKS.

Lastly, the sixth verse affords full proof; this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a *Son* so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral Capacities, that it could justly be said of him

"Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first." Bentl.

Ver. 1. *The Mighty Mother and her Son*, &c.] The Reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *Mother*, and not the *Son*, is the principal Agent in this Poem: the latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition), the main action of the Poem being by no means the Coronation of the Laureat, which is performed in the very first book, but the Restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last. *

Ibid.—*her Son, who brings*, &c.] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Critics and Commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefixed to *Sawney*, a Poem, p. 5, hath been so dull as to explain *the Man who brings*, &c. not of the Hero of the piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his readers; an honour, which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the *Æneid*, assuring him that Virgil here speaketh not of himself, but of *Æneas*:

"Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto," &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a *Conjectural Emendation*, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see, *Æn.* ii. 513. from the *altar* of *Jupiter Hercæus* that *Æneas* fled as soon as he saw *Priam* slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *Winds* that he arrived at the *shore* of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is *tost on land*, is much at one with saying *he walks at sea*: *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. Scriblerus.

Ver. 2. *The Smithfield Muses*] *Smithfield* is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dra-

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.
Still her old Empire to restore she tries,
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.
O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,

REMARKS.

matical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this poem, and others of equal genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and Town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.

Ver. 12. *Daughter of Chaos*, &c.] The beauty of the whole Allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a Scholiast, to meddle with it: but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's* Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods. Scriblerus.

Ver. 20. *Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!*] The several Names and Characters he assumed, in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party writings; which take in all his works. *

Ver. 21.—Cervantes' *serious air*,] In the *Travels of Gulliver*; written to decry the *Lying Vanities* of Travellers, just as Don Quixote's adventures were to expose the absurdities of Books of Chivalry; and with the same serious and solemn air.—The *laughing* with *Rab'lais* in the next line, alludes to the *Tale of a*

Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22 in the MS.

Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the Poet says, *ironicè*, like the 23d Verse.

REMARKS.

Tub, which is in the manner of the satirical and more regular parts of that famous French droll. Dr. S. Clarke in the first Edition of his Boyle's Lectures gives this book for an example of scoffing Atheism. And tho' I think there be neither impiety nor irreligion in the conduct of his *Tale*, yet surely it was impossible for a man really penetrated with a serious sense of Religion, ever to prevail on himself to expose the abuses of it in the manner he has done. *

The Travels of Gulliver were not written to decry the lying vanities of travellers, but chiefly and principally to expose the politics and measures of the English government, as well as the pride and depravity of human nature in general. Nor are they carried on or conceived in the manner of Cervantes. Voltaire called Swift, for writing the Tale of a Tub, Rabelais in his senses. When so many undeserving persons have been persecuted, particularly under the arbitrary government of France, for the freedom of their opinions, it is marvellous that Rabelais, who levelled his bitter satire against so many haughty princes, and as haughty priests, could possibly escape their vengeance. Garagantua certainly meant Francis I.; Louis XII. is Grand Gousier; Henry II. Pantagruel; Charles V. Picrocole. The Monks of that time are disguised under the name of Brother John des Entomures. The genealogy of Christ is ridiculed by that of Garagantua. The Treatises of Theology were laughed at under the titles of the books found in the Library of St. Victor; such as Biga Salutis, Bragueltа Juris, Pentouffle Decentorun; and by such questions as, utrum chimera in vacuo bombinans possit comedere secundas intentiones. Lord Peter's Loaf is minutely copied from Rabelais. Scarron had a master named J. Moreau, who wrote in Heroic verse a comic poem called The Pigmeid; which Scarron copied in his Gigantomachei,

From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my SWIFT! at ought our Realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.
Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 29. *Close to those walls*, &c.] In the former Ed. thus,

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by Emptiness;
Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Var. *Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,*] *Rag-fair* is a place near the *Tower of London*, where old clothes and finery are sold. W.

REMARKS.

Had Swift ever seen these poems which bear so near a resemblance to his Liliput and Brobdignac? Lord Orford observed to me, that he thought Swift had been guilty of a useless repetition of the same satire in these two Voyages, by only changing great into small. And he also was of opinion, that Cervantes had continued his work to too great a length. After his hero had attacked a Windmill for a Giant, and had mistaken a mean Inn for a magnificent Castle, all that followed was only the self-same idea varied, and new-modelled. I pretend not to determine on the justness of this criticism; because I am unwilling to hint any thing that can in the smallest degree depreciate this original writer, Cervantes. But it is with difficulty I can bring myself to doubt of the justness of any of Lord Orford's critical opinions.

Ver. 23. *Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,*] Ironice, alluding to *Gulliver's* representations of both.——The next line relates to the papers of the *Drapier* against the currency of *Wood's* Copper coin in *Ireland*; which, upon the great discontent of the People, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recall. W.

Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand;
One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
Keen, hollow winds howl through the bleak recess
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.

REMARKS.

Ver. 31. *by his fam'd father's hand,*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet Laureat. The two statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist. W.

Ver. 34. *Poverty and Poetry.*] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candour, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility as to Dulness; and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized. W.

Ver. 37. *Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,*
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.]

Ovid has given as a very orderly account of these *escapes;*

"Sunt, quibus in plures jus est transire figuras:
Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, PROTEU;
Nunc violentus *Aper;* nunc, quem tetigisse timerent,
Anguis eras; modo te faciebant *cornua Taurum:*
Sæpe *Lapis* poteras." Met. viii.

Neither Palæphatus, Phurnutus, nor Heraclides, gives us any steady light into the mythology of this mysterious fable. If I be not deceived in a part of learning which has so long exercised my pen, by *Proteus* must certainly be meant a hackneyed Town

Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:

REMARKS.

scribbler; and by his transformations, the various disguises such a one assumes, to elude the pursuit of his natural enemy, the Bailiff. And in this light, doubtless, Horace understood the fable where, speaking of *Proteus*, he says,

"Quum RAPIES in JUS *malis ridentem alienis*,
Fiet aper," &c.

Proteus is represented as one bred of the mud and slime of Egypt, the original soil of Arts and Letters; and what, I pray you, is a Town scribbler, but a creature made up of the excrements of luxurious Science? By the change then into a *Boar*, is meant his character of a *furious and dirty Party-writer*; the *Snake* signifies a *Libeller*; and the *Horns of the Bull*, the *Dilemmas* of a *Polemical Answerer*. These are the three great Parts he assumes; and when he has completed his circle, he sinks back again (as the last change into a *Stone* denotes) into his natural state of immoveable Stupidity. Hence it is, that the Poet, where speaking at large of all these various Metamorphoses in the second Book, describes MOTHER OSBORNE, the great Antitype of our Proteus, in ver. 312, after all her changes, as at last quite *stupified to Stone*. If I may expect thanks of the learned world for this discovery, I would by no means deprive that excellent Critic of his share, who discovered before me, that in the character of Proteus was designed, *Sophistam, Magum, Politicum, præsertin rebus omnibus sese accommodantem*. Which in English is, A political Writer, a Libeller, and a Disputer, writing indifferently for or against every Party in the state, every Sect in Religion, and every Character in private life. See my Fables of Ovid explained. Abbe Banier. *

A very close resemblance to the following lines of Dr. Young, in his first epistle on the Authors of the Age, addressed to Mr. Pope.

"How justly Proteus' transmigration fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now, such a gentle stream of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines well applied can tame;
Now, on immodest trash the swine obscene
Invites the town to sup at Drury Lane;

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, MAGAZINES:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 41. In the former Ed.

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac Lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's Day.

Ver. 42. Alludes to the annual Songs composed to Music on St. Cecilia's Feast. W.

REMARKS.

"A dreadful Lion, now, he roars at Pow'r,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
He's, now, a Serpent, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung."

Ver. 40. *Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post:*] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene Books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters. W.

Ver. 41. *Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,*] It is an ancient English custom, for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before. W.

Ver. 42. MAGAZINES:] The common names of those monstrous collections in prose and verse; where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the Rabble. The eruption of every miserable Scribbler; the dirty scum of every stagnant Newspaper; the rags of worn-out Nonsense and Scandal, picked up from every Dunghil; under the title of *Essays, Reflections, Queries, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles,* &c. equally the disgrace of Wit, Morality, and Common Sense. P. *

* It is but justice to add, that the Gentleman's Magazine, the first of its kind, does by no means deserve this severe sarcasm; but has been a means of preserving many useful and fugitive pieces on many interesting subjects.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence,* &c.

——— "Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ." Virg. Æneid. i.

Sepulchral Lies, our holy Walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.
In clouded Majesty here Dulness shone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake,
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:

REMARKS.

Ver. 43. *Sepulchral Lies,*] Is a just satire on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of Churches, in Epitaphs; which occasioned the following Epigram:

"FRIEND! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read." W.

The Epigram here inserted, alludes to the too long, and sometimes fulsome, Epitaphs, written by Dr. FRIEND, in pure Latinity indeed, but full of Antitheses.

Ver. 44. *New-year Odes,*] Made by the Poet Laureat for the time being, to be sung at court on every New-year's-day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. W.

Ver. 50. *Who hunger and who thirst,* &c.] "This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews, in Mr. *Pope*, a delight in profaneness," said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakspeare to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes, the very Text from holy Writ. In All's well

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 45. *In clouded Majesty*]

——— "the Moon
Rising in clouded Majesty"—— Milton, book iv.

Ver. 48. ——*that knows no fears*
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:]

"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent."

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day,
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:

REMARKS.

that ends well, *I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass.* Ibid. *They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire,* Matt. vii. 13. In Much ado about nothing, *All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the Garden,* Gen. iii. 8. (in a very jocose scene.) In Love's Labour Lost, he talks of Samson carrying the gates on his back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliah and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son.——The first part of this note is Mr. CURL'S, the rest is Mr. Theobald's, Appendix to Shakspeare restored, p. 144. W.

It seems to be rather an odd and a weak defence of using a phrase of Scripture lightly and profanely, to say that Shakspeare did so.

Ver. 55. *beholds the Chaos*] This passage, from hence down to verse 78, is an instance of great power and elegance of Style on a subject that with such difficulty admits of either.

Ver. 57. *Jacob,*] A race of booksellers, that did honour to their profession, for integrity and encouragement of authors. Jacob Tonson was admitted to the familiarity and friendship of the most eminent writers of his time; who made him a present of their portraits by good masters.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 55. *Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,*
Where nameless somethings, &c.

That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Booksellers or the Players bid most.

How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,
Maggots half form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;
There motley Images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance!

REMARKS.

Ver. 63. *Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,*] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of *Dulness* out of the Works of her Sons, celebrated in the Poem. A great Critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind; "*Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *Bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.——Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, *viz. A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little wart: or from *popysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *Popysmata* or *Popysmus*." Dennis on Hom. and Daily Journal, June 11, 1728. P.

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These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, Cant. vi.

"Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day." W.

Ver. 64. *And ductile Dulness,* &c.] A parody on a verse in Garth, Cant. i.

"How ductile matter new meanders takes." W.

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds through fogs that magnify the scene.

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Ver. 70, &c. *How Farce and Epic—How Time himself*, &c.] Allude to the transgressions of the *Unities* in the Plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon *Time* and *Place*, and the mixture of Tragedy and Comedy, Farce and Epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c. if yet extant. W.

Ver. 73. *Egypt glads with show'rs*,] In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gaudy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.

See the Guardian, N° 40. parag. 6. See also *Eusden's* whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise of the *Bathos*. Scribl.

Ver. 79. *the cloud-compelling*] Gray has left a very fine fragment of a hymn to Ignorance, very much in the manner of the Dunciad; "Many of the lines of this fragment (says Mr. Mason)

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Ver. 79. *the cloud-compelling Queen*] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς. W.

She tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)

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Ver. 85 in the former Editions,

'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.

Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720. W.

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are so strong, and the general cast of the versification so musical, that I believe it will give the generality of readers a higher opinion of his poetical talents, than many of his lyrical productions have done. I speak of the generality: because it is a certain fact, that their taste is founded upon the ten-syllable couplets of Dryden and Pope, and upon these only." P. 176.

Ver. 85, 86. *'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave, Like Cimon, triumph'd*] Viz. a Lord Mayor's Day, his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem. Bentl.

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian General, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Barbarians.

Ver. 88. *Glad chains,*] The ignorance of these Moderns! This was altered in one edition to *Gold chains*, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c. Scribl.

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.
Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City Swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.

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Ver. 90. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison:

"Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still."

Ibid. *But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.*] Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: but that part of the shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City-poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place. W.

Ver. 98. *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line;

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Ver. 103. *restless Daniel*] I am sorry to find De Foe placed in such company. He was a writer of uncommon genius and fertility of fancy. Witness his Robinson Crusoe, in which a wonderful reach of invention is displayed; his History of the Plague in London, which for a long time imposed on Dr. Mead, who thought it genuine; and his Memoirs of a Cavalier, a favourite book of the great Earl of Chatham, who spoke of it as the best account of the Civil Wars extant: and who, when he was at last convinced that it was all a fiction, cried out,

—— Sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

Among other entertaining works, De Foe wrote, in prison, 1703, a Review, consisting of a Scandal Club, as he entitled it, on questions of Theology, Morals, Politics, Trade, Language, Poetry, Love, &c. which Mr. Chalmers thinks gave a hint for the plan of the Tatler and Spectator.

Ver. 104. *And Eusden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureat. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

"Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p. 413, 414, affirms, "That of all the Galimatias he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Farther he says of him, "That he hath prophesied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting the Laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." Ibid. p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble Person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after,

She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage. 106

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that the Laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others. It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of *Buckingham* upon this matter:

——" In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that till then he ne'er heard of his name."
Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is farther strengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occasion:

" In merry Old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet and also his Fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet."

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. ver. 262, and Book iii. *prope fin.*

Nahum Tate was Poet Laureat, a cold writer of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned. W.

Ver. 106. *And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.*] Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. " The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this *poor* man [*I wish that reflection on* poverty *had been spared*] suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature.—*Poor* Furius [*again*], when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the Ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the

In each she marks her Image full exprest,
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast;

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Ver. 108. *But chief in Bays's*, &c.] In the former Editions thus,

But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;
Sees Gods with Demons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell, her battles wage.
She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, &c.

Var. *Tibbald*] Author of a pamphlet entitled, *Shakspeare Restored.* During two whole years while Mr. Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakspeare, he published Advertisements, requesting assistance, and promising satisfaction to any who could contribute to its greater perfection. But this Restorer, who was at that time soliciting favours of him by letters, did wholly conceal his design, till after its publication: (which he was since not ashamed to own, in a *Daily Journal* of *Nov.* 26, 1728.) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an *extravagant subscription;* in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publicly advertised in his own proposals for *Homer.* Probably that proceeding elevated *Tibbald* to the dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren; unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work.

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same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *Heart*, but the sacrifice of his *Revenge*," &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human under-

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success. 110

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standing.—He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-backed toad.—A book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek-by-jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led, and supported, and bully-backed, by that blind Hector, Impudence."—Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, p. 26. 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive: "I regard him (saith he) as an *Enemy*, not so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicsome, and the epidemic *Madness of the times* have given him *Reputation*, and Reputation (as Hobbes says) is *Power*, and *that has made him dangerous*. Therefore I look on it as my duty to *King George*, whose faithful subject I am; to my *Country*, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the *Laws*, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the *Liberty* of my *Country*, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—*you shall see what*—to pull the lion's skin from this little Ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to shew that this Author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither Sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions."—Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref. p. 2. 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my Bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his *Slander* and his *Poison*." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: of which fact see *A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge, by poison, on the body of Edmund Curl*, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these

Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once.

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Remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. Dennis was also concerned, price two-pence, called *A true character of Mr. Pope and his Writings*, printed for S. Popping, 1716: in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administring *Poison* to them:" and is called (p. 4) "a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible Poet to write the following Epigram:—

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a Sadler, in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden: and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their Letters. He made himself known to the Government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows:—"Mr. Dennis is *excellent* at Pindaric writings, *perfectly regular* in all his performances, and a person of *sound Learning*. That he is master of a great deal of *Penetration* and *Judgment*, his criticisms (particularly on *Prince Arthur*) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays "more to get *Reputation* than *Money*."—Dennis of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 68, 69, compared with p. 286. W.

The most candid and ample account of Dennis is given in the New Edition of the Biographia Britannica by Dr. Kippis.

Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day:

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Var. *Tibbald*] Yet this Tibbald, contemptible as he is here represented to be, was assisted in his edition of Shakspeare by Warburton, published in six volumes octavo; and he mentions, as he well might, Warburton's assistance, as a great support of his work. This edition of Tibbald was justly esteemed the best, till those of Malone and Steevens appeared. W.

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Ver. 109. *Bays form'd by nature*, &c.] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, "that he could not think himself so, nor believe that our Poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his *Wit*, or for some *Profit* or *Lucre* for himself." Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. pag. 15. 40. 53. And to shew his claim to what the Poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *last word*; which occasioned the following Epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last word; for, by G—, I'll write prose.
Poor Colley, thy reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest. W.

It is a singular fact in the History of the English Stage, that the very first comedy, acted after the libertine times of the restoration, in which any decency, purity of manners, and respect to the honour of the marriage-bed, were preserved, was this very Cibber's Love's Last Shift. It was received with the greatest applause, particularly the scene of reconcilement in the last act. The candid Abbè d'Olivet in tom. ii. of his pleasing History of the French Academy, page 145, has zealously defended the abilities and character of Chapelain, the Cibber of Boileau. It was at the desire of Malherbe and Vaugelas that Chapelain

Swearing and supperless the Hero sate,
Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate,
Then gnaw'd his Pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;

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Ver. 121. *Round him much Embryo,* &c.] In the former Editions thus,

He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay:
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,
Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties not its own.
Here swells the shelf, &c.——— W.

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Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,*]

———" round he throws his eyes,
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay." Milt. b. i.

The progress of a bad poet in his thoughts being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) through a *Chaos*, might probably suggest this imitation. W.

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wrote the famous preface to the Adone of Marino. And it was he who corrected the very first composition of Racine, whose Ode to the new Queen introduced him to Colbert, and procured him a pension. And it is remarkable, that Chapelain should be the person who first pointed out to Cardinal Richelieu, and the poets whom he employed, the necessity of observing the Three Unities in a drama. It is observable that Boileau at first had introduced Pelletier into his satires; and afterward inserted the name of Collitet, in lines inapplicable to the latter. So unlucky were both these great poets, in the changes they made of the objects of their satire!

Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
That slipp'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit.
Next o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here
The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There hapless Shakspeare, yet of Tibbald sore,
Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.

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Ver. 118. *Sinking from thought*] From Lord Rochester on man,

"Stumbling from thought to thought."——

Ver. 125. *All that on Folly*] "To dwell too much on the Follies, Blunders, and Blemishes, of bad and despicable Dunces (says Plutarch with his usual humanity), reminds one of Philip's project of collecting together all the most abandoned and incorrigible villains he could find, to people a new city which he had built, and called Poneropolis."

Ver. 129. *How here he sipp'd,*] Congreve borrowed much from Ben Jonson (of whom he was remarkably fond), particularly the character of Bluff, and the first scene of the fifth Act of the Way of the World, betwixt Lady Wishfort and her Maid Foible; where she minutely describes her former way of life, and upbraids her for ingratitude, evidently from the scene betwixt the two sharpers, Subtle and Face, in the Alchymist.

Ver. 131. *poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,*] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays. W.

Ver. 132. *The Frippery*] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment." Life, p. 210, Octavo. W.

Ver. 133. *hapless Shakspeare, &c.*] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakspeare. He was fre-

The rest on Out-side merit but presume,
Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond Parents drest in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by Beauties not his own.

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quently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke." Letter to Mr. P. p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakspeare, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred Emendations, that *shall* escape them all." W.

Ver. 134. *Wish'd he had blotted*] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakspeare, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakspeare would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this Poem) have made on the *Stage*, but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their *Editions*. W.

Ver. 135. *The rest on Out-side merit*, &c.] This Library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for show, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old Bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness. W.

These six lines are below the usual vein of our author; and the note upon them is very forced and unnatural. The prints in Ogilby's China, many of them by Hollar, atone for the page. Dryden used to say that Quarles excelled him in a facility of rhyming.

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:

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Ver. 141. *Ogilby the great;*] "John Ogilby was one who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many *large volumes!* His translations of Homer and Virgil *done to the life*, and *with such excellent sculptures:* and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on *special good paper*, and in a *very good letter.*" Winstanly, Lives of Poets. W.

Ver. 142. *There, stamp'd,* &c.] "A list of her works, which fill many folios (says Mr. Walpole), here follows:

"The World's Olio.—Nature's Picture drawn by Fancy's pencil to the life. In this volume (says the title) are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical, and tragi-comical, poetical romantical, philosophical, and historical, &c. &c. Lond. 1656. folio. One may guess how like this portrait of Nature is, by the fantastic bill of the features.—Orations of divers sorts, accommodated to divers places. Lond. 1662. folio.—Plays. Lond. 1662.—Philosophical and Physical Opinions. Lond. 1663. folio.—Observations upon Experimental Philosophy; to which is added, the Description of a New World. Lond. 1668. folio. One Mr. James Bristow began to translate some part of these philosophic discourses into Latin.—Philosophical Letters. Lond. 1664. folio.—Poems and Phancies. Lond. 1664. folio.—Sociable Letters. Lond. 1664. folio.—The Life of the Duke her husband, &c. Lond. 1667. folio. It was translated into Latin.—Plays never before printed. Lond. 1668. folio." Her plays alone are nineteen in number, and some of them in two parts. One of them, The Blazing World, is unfinished, her Grace (which seems never else to have happened to her) finding her genius not tend to the prosecution of it. To another, called The Presence, are nine-and-twenty supernumerary scenes. In another, The Unnatural Tragedy, is a whole

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Ver. 140. In the former Ed.

The page admires new beauties not it's own.]
"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."
Virg. Georg. ii.

Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

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Ver. 146. In the first Edit. it was,

Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W—s, and Bl—

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Blome, on which was the following note;

It was printed in the surreptitious editions, *Wesley, Watts*, who were persons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyric kind on pious subjects. The line is here restored according to its original.

"*George Withers* was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him *frequent Correction*. The *Marshalsea* and *Newgate* were no strangers to him." Winstanly. *Quarles* was as dull a writter, but an honester man. *Blome's* books are remarkable for their cuts. W.

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scene written against Cambden's Britannia; her Grace thought, I suppose, that a geographic satire in the middle of a play, was mixing the *utile* with the *dulci*. Three volumes more, in folio, of her poems, are preserved in manuscript. Whoever has a mind to know more of this fertile pedant, will find a detail of her works in Ballard's Memoirs, from whence I have taken this account."

Ver. 146. *worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his Brother Laureat; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as Shows, Birth-days, &c. 2. Banks was his Rival in *Tragedy* (though more successful) in one of his Tragedies, the *Earl of Essex*, which is yet alive: *Anna Boleyn*, the *Queen of Scots*, and *Cyrus the Great*, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of *Beggar's Velvet*, or a happy mixture of the *thick Fustian*, and *thin Prosaic*; exactly imitated in *Perolla and Isidora*, *Cæsar in Egypt*, and the *Heroic Daughter*. 3.

But, high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;

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Broome was a serving man of Ben. Jonson, who once picked up a *Comedy* from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible. W.

Ver. 149. *Caxton*] A Printer in the time of Edw. IV. Rich. III. and Hen. VII. Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former, whom Bale entitles, *Vir non omnino stupidus*, translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his Proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneidos*, (made in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerk Vyrgyle:) whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein, How after the general destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wythe all thystorye of his adventures that he had er he came to the atchievement of his conquest of ytalye, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest terms & wordes in frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playsaunt ne so well ordred; whiche booke as me semed sholde be moch requsiyte to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystoryes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scholis, especyally in ytalye and other places, whiche historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre." *Tibbald* quotes a rare passage from him in *Mist's Journal* of *March* 16, 1728, concerning a *straunge and mervyllouse beaste called Sagittarye*, which he would have *Shakspear* to mean rather than *Teucer*, the Archer celebrated by *Homer*. W

An undeserved piece of ridicule, on an industrious man, whose labours introduced literature into this country. See what is said of him by one who was a real and rational lover of antiquity, in the History of English Poetry, vol. ii.

There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise:
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns: a folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base:
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire.

Then he: Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and ever at my heart;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 162. *A twisted, &c.*] In the former Ed.

And last, a little Ajax tips the Spire. W.

Altered for the worse.

Var. *A little Ajax*] In *duodecimo*, translated from Sophocles by Tibbald.

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Ver. 152. *Dry Bodies of Divinity*] The impropriety of placing such sort of books in the library of Cibber, is not to be vindicated.

Ver. 153. *De Lyra there*] He was born in Normandy of Jewish parents, educated under some learned Rabbis, and for many years devoted to Judaism. He afterward was converted to Christianity, and became a Cordelier at Verneuil, 1291. He taught with great reputation at Paris, and was made executor to the will of King Philip's Queen. He died in an advanced age, 1340.

Ver. 154. *Philemon Holland*, Doctor in Physic. "He translated *so many books*, that a man would think he had done *nothing else*; insomuch that he might be called *Translator general of his age*. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a *Country Gentleman* a *complete Library*." Winstanly. W.

Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,
E'er since Sir Fopling's Perriwig was Praise,
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of Business the directing soul!
To this our head like byass to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
Oh! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.

REMARKS.

Ver. 167. *E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig*] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottomed Periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the *Fool in Fashion*. It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world, but to live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil inquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle." See Life, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable Periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen with infinite approbation of the audience. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 166. *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,*]

"A te principium, tibi desinet."— Virg. Ecl. viii.

"Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῖσαι." Theoc.

"Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna." Hor.

Or, if to Wit a Coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 177. *Or, if to Wit*, &c.] In the former Ed.

Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but shew her coward face and dies:
There thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains:
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor Shakspeare once a week.
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind:
So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c. W.

These lines appear to be better than those in the present text.

Var. *And crucify poor Shakspeare once a week.*] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in *Mist's Journal* a single remark or poor conjecture on some *word* or *pointing* of *Shakspeare*, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name. Upon these somebody made this Epigram:

"'Tis gen'rous, Tibbald! in thee and thy brothers
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this can just returns be shewn;
For who will help us e'er to read thy own?"

Var. *Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;*] As to *Cook's Hesiod*, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even *half* a note, are carefully owned by him: and to *Moore's Comedy* of the *Rival Modes*, and other authors of the same rank: these were people who writ about the year 1726. W.

As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity, and Fire.
Some Demon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense:
Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same;
This, prose on stilts; that, poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
My Life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove;
The brisk Example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure, had Heav'n decreed to save the State,
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 195. *Yet sure, had Heav'n,* &c.] In the former Ed.

Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.
But see great Settle to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could Troy be sav'd, &c.—— W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 181. *As, forc'd from wind-guns,* &c.] The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the Author of a poem called *Successio.* W.

Ver. 185. *Me Emptiness,*] This first speech of the Hero is full of an impropriety that one could hardly believe our author could fall into; it being contrary to all decorum, character, and probability, that Bays should address the Goddess Dulness, without

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 195. *had Heav'n decreed,* &c.]

"Me si cœlicolae voluissent ducere vitam,
Has mihi servassent sedes."—— Virg. Æneid. ii.

Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,
This gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right-hand my God?

REMARKS.

disguising or mistaking her, as a despicable being; and should even call himself fool and blockhead. It is in truth outrageously unnatural and absurd. And so also is another and even more glaring breach of truth and decorum in book iv. v. 210, in making Aristarchus, that is, even the great and able Bentley, abuse himself, and laugh at his own labours. Bramstone has fallen into the same absurdity;

"A Footman I would be in outward show,
In sense and education truly so!" Man of Taste.

Ver. 199. *my Fletcher*] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him. W.

Ver. 200. *Take up the Bible, once my better guide?*] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a *Clergyman*, or (as he thinks himself) a *Bishop* of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my Imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual *Odes*, Sermons, and *Pastoral Letters?* Apology for his Life, chap. iii. W.

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Ver. 197, 198. *Could Troy be sav'd—This gray-goose weapon*]
——— "Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent." Virg. ibid.

Ver. 202. *This box my Thunder, this my right hand God?*]
Dextra mihi *Deus*, et telum *quod missile libro*."
Virgil of the Gods of Mezentius.

Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,
Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
Or bidst thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the Common-weal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,
And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?

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Ver. 203. *at* White's *amidst the* Doctors] These Doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in *black* and *white:* they were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. Scribl.*

This learned Critic is to be understood allegorically: the DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false Dice*, a cant phrase used amongst Gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous Lines is only this, "Shall I play fair, or foul?" P.

Ver. 208. *Ridpath—Mist.*] George Ridpath, author of a Whig Paper, called the Flying Post; Nathaniel Mist, of a famous Tory Journal. W.

Ver. 211. *Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,*] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æneid. viii.

"Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.'

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the Virgilian majesty? And what absurdity to say a goose *sings? canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.

——"argutos *inter strepere* anser olores."

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus?* does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

"Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo."

Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine.
And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Even Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town.

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Ver. 213. *Hold—to the Minister—*] In the former Ed.

Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine. W.

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Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis*. Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

——"*Auritas* fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus."

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.
Scribl.

Ver. 215. *Gazetteers*] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics. W.

Ver. 217. *What then remains? Ourself.*] A happy parody on the famous Moy of Corneille in his Medea; who unluckily weakened the force of this word by adding, et c'est assez. But the original is, in Seneca's Tragedy of Medea,

——"Medea superest."

O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more Christian progeny!
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 225. *O born in sin*, &c.] In the former Ed.

Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to run,
And visit Alehouse, where ye first begun.
With that he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, &c.——W.

Var. *And visit Alehouse*,] *Waller* on the Navy,

"Those tow'rs of Oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow." W.

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Ver. 225. *O born in sin*, &c.] This is a tender passionate Apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject. W.

Ver. 228. *My better*] Notwithstanding all our author's or his commentator's efforts, to reduce to contempt Cibber's Apology for his Life, they will never be able to convince sensible and

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Ver. 229. *Unstain'd, untouch'd*, &c.]

——"Felix Priamëia virgo!
Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ," &c.
Virg. Æneid. iii.

Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a Pass, and vagrant through the land;
Nor sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Alehouse fire;
Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your sire!
Oh! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's bosom with eternal Rest!
Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn.

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dispassionate readers, that it is not a work abounding in curious anecdotes, and in characters nicely and accurately drawn, though in a style indeed singular and affected. Swift was so highly pleased with Cibber's Life, that he sat up all night to read it, and would not quit it till he had finished the volume; of which, when Cibber was informed, he shed tears of joy.

Ver. 231. *gratis-given Bland—Sent with a Pass,*] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer) and to send them *Post-free* to all the Towns in the Kingdom. W.

Bland was the Provost of Eton.

Ver. 233.—*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,*] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public-house in the City (but in a genteel way), and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale), afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.——Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public-house was not in the *City*, but in *Moorfields*. W.

Ver. 238—240. *Tate—Shadwell*] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel. W.

With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)
Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face:
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure with averted eyes:
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;

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Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.] In the former Ed.

Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,
In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,
And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.
Then gush'd the Tears, as from the Trojan's eyes,
When the last blaze, &c.

Var. *Now flames old* Memnon, *now* Rodrigo *burns*,
In one quick flash see Proserpine *expire*.]

Memnon, a hero in the *Persian Princess*, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines, with which he begins the play,

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Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.] In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could dance on a Rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines), the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand*,] Ovid, of Althea on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

"Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit."

Ver. 250. *Now flames the Cid*, &c.]

——"Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano superante, domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon."—— W.

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires:
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.

VARIATIONS.

" By heav'n, it fires my frozen blood with rage,
And makes it scald my aged trunk."

Rodrigo, the chief Personage of the *Perfidious Brother* (a play written between *Tibbald* and a Watch-maker.) The *Rape of Proserpine*, one of the Farces of this Author, in which *Ceres* setting fire to a corn-field, endangered the burning of the Playhouse.

Var. *And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.*] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet) *about Æschylus* for ten years, and had received subscriptions for the same, but then went *about* other books. The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree, but our author supposes it very much cooled by the translation; upon sight of a specimen of which was made this Epigram,

" Alas! poor *Æschylus!* unlucky Dog!
Whom once a *Lobster* kill'd, and now a *Log!*"

But this is a grievous error, for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, *teste* Val. Max. l. ix. cap. 12. Scribl.

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Ver. 252. *King John*] He has omitted a fifth tragedy written also by Cibber, *Xerxes;* which being rejected by the Patentees of Drury Lane, was condemned at Lincoln's Inn Theatre; though Betterton and Mrs. Barry acted in it.

Ver. 253. *the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble*] A Comedy threshed out of Moliere's Tartuffe, and so much the Translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from *disaffection to the Government:*

" Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,
Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi." Boil.

He assures us that " when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it." And this he doubts not *grieved* Mr. P." W.— And probably it did!

Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.
Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thulè from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

REMARKS.

Ver. 255. *pale Priam's*] Priam was informed of the fate of Troy, says Shakspeare, by a form so *pale*, so *woe-begone:* for which last epithet, said a certain critic, we should read *Ucalegon.* He was Priam's next neighbour,—proximus ardet Ucalegon. An absurdity of the very first class!

Ver. 258. *Thulè*] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Ambrose Philips, a northern author. It is a usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: but I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing. W.

Philips certainly deserved not to be treated with such acrimonious contempt, if we consider his epistle from Denmark; his imitation of Strada; his translations of Sappho, and Pindar; and his Distrest Mother; though copied indeed from Racine. Pope himself commends the Epistle from Denmark in his Letters.

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Ver. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.*]

" Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri
Cœlicolis, et quanta solet"——— Virg. Æn. ii.

" Et lætos oculis afflavit honores." Id. Æn. i.

She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend and recognise their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of fools.
Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 268, in the former Ed. followed these two lines,

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.

Var. *And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.*] Tibbald writ a Poem called the *Cave of Poverty*, which concludes with a very extraordinary wish, "That some great genius, or man of distinguished merit, may be *starved*, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave." It was printed in octavo, 1715. W.

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Ver. 280. *'eel of science*] Is from the Tale of a Tub.

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Ver. 269. *This the Great Mother*, &c.]

"Urbs antiqua fuit——————
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hoc regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque."

Virg. Æneid. i.

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakspeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell. 286

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Ver. 286. *Tibbald,*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was Author of some forgotten Plays, Translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious Idiot, one hight Whachum, who from an under spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the Playhouse, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile Translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor."—Dennis, Rem. on Pope's Hom. p. 9, 10. W.

Ibid. *Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where *somebody* left him *something* to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an *office of accounts*, in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in *arithmetic*, and writing the necessary *hands*. He has obliged the world with many translations of French Plays."—Jacob, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198. W.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have farther justice done him, having since fully confuted all Sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called The Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my *learning*, this envious Wretch knew, and every body knows, that the *whole Bench of Bishops*, not long ago, were pleased to give me a *purse of guineas*, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland shew better verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c. Let him shew better and truer Poetry in

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign,
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;

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the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket *(la Secchia rapita)*. And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer *to be*, as it was *prior*, so likewise *superior* to Pope's. Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!" John Ozell.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the *Bench of Bishops*, Mr. *Toland*, and Mr. *Gildon*. W.

Ibid. *A Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.*] A triumvirate surely not of authors on a level. The *first* far superior to the other *two*. What did they produce, in any respect, equal to the *Careless Husband*, and the *History of the Stage?*

Ver. 287. *The Goddess then,*] There was a poem published, 1712, entitled Bibliotheca, by Mr. Thomas Newcomb, a friend of Dr. Young, and reprinted in the fifth volume of Nicols's Collection, page 19, in which the Goddess *Oblivion* is introduced, speaking and acting, so very like the Goddess *Dulness*, and which throughout bears so close and striking a resemblance to the *Dunciad*, that it is impossible Pope should not have seen and copied it, though with exquisite improvements. The expression, o'er his anointed head, is from Mac Fleckno,

"That for anointed Dulness he was made."

As also in the preceding line, 262;

"His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace."

Ver. 290. *a Heideggre*] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. W.

Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon, rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court.

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Ver. 293. *Know, Eusden*, &c.] In the former Ed.

" Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard, rest.
I see a King! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see!——Then rapt she spoke no more,
God save king Tibbald! Grub-street alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, &c. W.

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Ver. 296. *Withers,*] See on ver. 146.

Ibid. *Gildon*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad Plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others. W.

Ibid. *Withers, Ward,*] It must be confessed, that in this quarrel with mean and contemptible writers, Pope was the aggressor; for it cannot be believed that the initial Letters in the *Bathos*, were placed at random and without design.

Ver. 297. *Howard,*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.

Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!
Sound, sound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King.

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Ver. 301. *Lift up your Gates,*] I know not what can excuse this very profane allusion to a sublime passage in the Psalms; which was added to the last edition of the Dunciad in four books; and this too under the auspices and direction of Dr. Warburton. So again in Book iii. ver. 126. And also again Book iv. ver. 562.

" Dove-like she gathers to her wings again."

And in the Arguments, he talks of giving a Pisgah-sight of the future fulness of her Glory; and even of sending Priests and Comforters.

Ver. 309, 310. *under Archer's wing,——Gaming,* &c.] When the Statute against Gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the Groom-porter had a room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in Town.

" *Greatest* and *justest* SOV'REIGN; know you this?
Alas! no more, than *Thames'* calm *head* can know
Whose meads his *arms* drown, or whose corn o'erflow."
Donne to Queen Eliz. W.

This practice has been laid aside for many years.

O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,
And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt Prince and People close the curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine."

She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:
God save king Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God save king Colley! cries;
God save king Colley! Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And Coll! each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole.

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Ver. 319. *Chapel-royal*] The Voices and Instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes. W.

Ver. 324. *But pious Needham*] A Matron of great Fame, and very religious in her way; whose constant prayer it was, that she might "get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not so happy; for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace that it put an end to her days. W.

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Ver. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.*]

——— "Quorum Imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces." Pers.

Ver. 311. *O! when shall rise a Monarch, &c.*] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant. II.

"Helas! qu'est devenu cet tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans;" &c. W.

So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby),
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log!

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Ver. 325. *Back to the Devil*] The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court. Upon which a Wit of those times made this epigram,

"When Laureates make Odes, Do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—From the Devil they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil." W.

The Epigram inserted on this Tavern, is one of the coldest and dullest that can be read. And it is not clear why the Butchers roared out the name of Colley.

Ver. 328.—*Ogilby*)—*God save King Log!*] See Ogilby's Esop's Fables, where, in the story of the Frogs and their King, this excellent hemistic is to be found.

Our author manifests here, and elsewhere, a prodigious tenderness for the *bad writers*. We see he selects the only good passage, perhaps, in all that ever Ogilby writ; which shews how candid and patient a reader he must have been.

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram:

"Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

"To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

"Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There He shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
And must to Earth return." W.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ARGUMENT.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public Games *and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the* Goddess *in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss.* xxiv. *proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the* Booksellers, *and setteth up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a* Poetess. *Then follow the Exercises for the* Poets, *of* tickling, vociferating, diving: *The first holds forth the arts and practices of* Dedicators, *the second of* Disputants *and* fustian Poets, *the third of* profound, dark, *and* dirty Party-writers. *Lastly, for the* Critics, *the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, the one in* verse, *and the other in*

prose, *deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.*

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,

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Two things there are, upon the supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: The first, that an Author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a Critic cannot choose but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it;* and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture, in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

"Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save king Log!"

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a Critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound Commentators. W.

Ver. 2. *Henley's gilt tub.*] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 1. *High on a gorgeous seat,*] Parody of Milton, book ii.

"High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sate." W.

Great Cibber sate: the proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze.
His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.

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velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist.* See the history of this person, book iii. W.

Ibid. *or Fleckno's Irish throne,*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not, our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin. W.

Andrew Marvell wrote a satirical poem on Fleckno, with his usual spirit. There is a comedy of Fleckno, 1667, entitled Demoisselles a la Mode.

Ver. 3. *Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,*] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing-Cross, in March 1727-8. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the Rostrum* for one hour: but that scene of Action was not in the month of *March*, but in *February.*" [*Curliad* 12mo, p. 19.] And of *the History of his being tost in a Blanket*, he saith, "Here, *Scriblerus!* thou leaseth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket* but a *rug.*" P. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. *Cibber* remonstrated, that his Brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i. were not *Brazen*, but *Blocks*; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship. W.

Ver. 5. *Great Cibber sate:*] It is observable that in this passage the lines run more into one another, than in any other part of our author's works. See lines 5, 7. Perhaps it might be wished he had more frequently done so, as it would have added variety to his numbers. Hayte and Fenton thought so.

So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their horns.

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.

And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
By herald Hawkers, high heroic Games.
They summon all her Race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.

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Ver. 15. *Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to Poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel;* a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the Poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy**. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number. PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. cap. lxxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions. W.

Ver. 16. *Antichrist of wit.*] Chaucer, as well as Dante, asserted that the church of Rome was Antichrist, a notion Bossuet has taken so much pains to refute.

Ver. 18. *High heroic games.*] It is impossible to read without smiling, the gravity with which Dennis attacks these games, and the reasons he gives for their impropriety." "Is it not monstrous to imagine they could take place in the master street of a great city; a street eternally crowded with carriages, carts, coaches, chairs, and men, passing in the greatest hurry about private and public affairs?" Remarks on Dunciad, p. 19. 1729.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots:
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.
  Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane.
  With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;

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Ver. 35. *A Poet's form*] A clear, energetic, and lively description! especially line 41, and the three succeeding ones, of this truly ridiculous Phantom. Dr. Young, who was well acquainted with More, told me the portrait was not overcharged. More was an egregious and insufferable coxcomb.

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Ver. 35. *A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æneid. x.

"Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *sine viribus umbram*
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
Divini assimilat capitis——
——Dat *inania verba*
Dat *sine mente sonum*"——

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary. There seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such a one is imagined by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting Bookseller. W.

No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head;
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;

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Ver. 39. *But such a bulk*] Parodies are the chief and constant ornaments of a mock-heroic poem. The many introduced by our author are made with singular pleasantry, happiness, and judgment. The ancients, particularly the Athenians, were fond of parodies; especially such as were made on passages of Homer, with whose works they were so familiarly acquainted. In the fourth book of Athenæus, page 134, of Casaubon's excellent edition, is a parody, consisting of more than one hundred verses, of Matron, whom Eustathius frequently quotes and praises. It is a ridiculous description of a supper. See Fabricius, Bib. Græc. p. 354. B. i. It is well known how many parodies Aristophanes has given us on Euripides, and other tragedians. Hegemon, says Athenæus, in his ninth book, p. 406, was the first author very famous for parodies; he was called, φακῆ, Lenticula. He was also an excellent actor; and the Athenians were so fond of him, that one day when news was brought of their defeat in Sicily, they would not quit the theatre, but insisted that Hegemon should finish the piece. He was a great favourite of Alcibiades; of whom and Hegemon, Athenæus relates a story worth the Reader's perusal, p. 407, of Casaubon's edition. There are some excellent parodies in the Rehearsal, in Bramston's Art of Politics, in the Scribleriad, in the Battle of the Wigs, in the Tale of a Tub, and in the works of Fielding; whom it is surprising Dr. Johnson should call, a barren rascal.

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Ver. 39. *But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise.*]

"Vix illud lecti bis sex ——
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."
Virg. Æneid. xii.

And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More. 50

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Ver. 47. *Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,*] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a Wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke. W.

Ver. 50. *and call'd the phantom More.*] CURL, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James Moore Smith, esq. and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir (said the thief, finding himself detected), do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cried out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. *Arbuthnot* a paper called an Historico-physical account of the *South-Sea*; and of Mr. *Pope* the Memoirs of a Parish Clerk, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. *Young*,—*F. Billers* esq. and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in *Swift* and *Pope's* Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems, he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of *April* 3, 1728,) "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shewn, and

All gaze with ardour: Some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

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handed about as his own) occasioned their being lost, and for that cause only not returned." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram:

"More always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shewn;
A modest man may like what's not his own."

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. *Savage*, son of the late Earl *Rivers;* who having shewn some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. *Moore*, wherein Mr. *Pope* was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr. *Moore* the next morning sent to Mr. *Savage* to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That *Pope* might now be the *first*, because *Moore* had left him unrivalled in turning his style to Comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the *Rival Modes*, his first and only work; the Town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest Motto,

Hic cæstus, artemque repono.

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at *Blenheim*, by Dr. *Evans: Cosmelia*, by Mr. *Pitt*, Mr. *Jones*, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. *W*. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a *Friend*. Certain Physical works on Sir *James Baker;* and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements, and Epigrams against our author in the *Daily Journal*.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagined by *Curl* to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled *Moore*, but *More*; and lastly, since the learned *Scriblerus* has so well proved the contrary. W[illegible] [illegible] *the phantom More*.] It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious: *More* from *Mopos*,

But lofty Lintot in the circle rose;
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and shall end." 55
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl; "Behold that rival here!

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stultus, *μωρία*, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me* Mori *cognomen tibi, quod tam ad* Moriæ *vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus.* Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *Vale,* More! *et moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu, More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. Scribl.

Ver. 53. *But lofty Lintot*] We enter here upon the Episode of the Booksellers; Persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the Authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a *Bull.* This eminent Bookseller printed the *Rival Modes* before mentioned. W.

Ver. 58. *Stood dauntless Curl;*] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very *Names* their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the *State*, the *Church*, and the *Law*, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is *favoured of the Gods*; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: though he

The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell," (he said) and run.
Swift as a bard the Bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a Wind-mill all his figure spread,

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loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him; she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical: after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: witness innumerable instances: but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterward punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from her to him, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: so true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man." W.

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Ver. 60. *So take the hindmost, Hell,*]

"Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est."
Hor. de Arte. W.

Ver. 61, &c. Something like this in Homer, Il. x. ver. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his

With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop)

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Ver. 70. *Curl's Corinna*] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. Thomas, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, whilst almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them, without the consent of either of those Gentlemen, to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer. W.

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similies are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the Critics well know) from *familiar life;* the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from *rural life.* The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer. W.

Ver. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*
So lab'ring on with shoulders, hands, and head,]

——— "So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."
Milton, Book ii. W.

Ver. 67, 68. *With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,*
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.]

Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

——— "rows
His state with oary feet."

And Dryden, of another's,—*With two left legs*— W.

Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:

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Ver. 75. *Obscene with filth*, &c.] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil: the very words ὄνθος and *fimus* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this Episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden, in *Mac-Fleckno*, has not scrupled to mention the *Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, *Pissing Alley*, *Relics of the Bum*, &c. but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his Georgics) *tosses about his dung with an air of Majesty*. If we consider that the exercises of his *Authors* could with justice be no higher than *tickling*, *chattering*, *braying*, or *diving*, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of *Booksellers*. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are *Heroes;* whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connexion there is between Libellers and common Nuisances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleased him least; but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire: thus the politest men are obliged sometimes to *swear*, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenches. W.

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Ver. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to slide ;*]

" Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis
Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas—
Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore."
Virgil, Æneid. v. of Nisus. W.

Ver. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]

—— " Ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret."
Virgil, Ecl. vi. W.

Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
  Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
  A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply:
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.

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Ver. 75. *Obscene*] Do these examples justify the introduction of such nauseous and paltry images, or at all diminish the disgust of the reader? particularly the passage which Dryden disgraced himself by writing? Balsac severely censured Malherbe for the expression, *excrement de la terre*. This passage of Pope resembles two most filthy lines of Eupolis, quoted by Athenæus, page 314. The Commentator, at the end of the note on this passage, assigns a strange sort of apology and obligation for using oaths. And in truth, the whole note is gross and indelicate to a degree.

Ver. 82. *Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.*] The Bible, Curl's sign: the Cross-keys, Lintot's. W.

Ver. 83. See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended. W.

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Ver. 83. *A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,*]

" Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
Cœlestesque plagas"——. Ovid. Met. xii. W.

In office here fair Cloacina stands,
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene;
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from the effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Repasses Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

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Ver. 92. Alludes to Homer, Iliad v. 339.

——ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα Θεοῖο,
Ἰχὼρ, οἷός πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν.

"A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed." Milton. W.

Ver. 93. *Cloacina*] The Roman Goddess of the common-sewers. W.

Ibid. *In office here*, &c.] Never were images, abominably low and disgusting, elevated and expressed in finer language, than from hence to verse 108. What an abuse of talents to compose such lines on such a subject?

Ver. 101. *Where as he fish'd*, &c.] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies. W.

Ver. 104. *As oil'd with magic juices*] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.

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Ver. 108. *Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.*]

——— "faciem ostentabat, et udo
Turpia membra fimo" ——— Virg. Æneid. v. W.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey,
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.

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Ver. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of those persons, whose writings, epigrams, or jests, he had owned. See Note on ver. 50. W.

Dr. Evans was of St. John's College Oxford; author of the Apparition, and of an Epistle to Bobart the Botanist, entitled Vertumnus. He was a man of remarkable wit and vivacity, and many of his repartees were long remembered and repeated at Oxford. The apparition was a satire on Tindal.

Ver. 118. *an unpaid tailor*] This line has been loudly complained of in Mist, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the *poverty of Poets:* but it is thought our author will be acquitted by a jury of *Tailors.* To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body it must be on a bad *pay-master,* since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but Poets may

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Ver. 111. *A shapeless shade,* &c.]

——— " Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."
Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

Ver. 114. *His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air;*]

" Carmina ——————
turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."
Virg. Æneid. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves. W.

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grub-street Choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins, run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.

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well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment;* which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce that, "If Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him." Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15. W.

Ver. 124. *like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;*] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers. —"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb. and some ladies of quality," says CURL, Key, p. 11. W.

This is the passage in which our author has mentioned *Prior* with rather more honour than in any other part of his works. Prior was mortified that Pope did not commend his Solomon so highly as he wished.

Ver. 125. *Mears, Warner, Wilkins*] Booksellers and Printers of much anonymous stuff. W.

Ver. 126. *Breval, Bond, Besaleel,*] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50, of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called the Confederate; but the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay: is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John:
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
  To him the Goddess: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd Jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Dutchesses and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison.

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Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet. But where is such a satire to be found? where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou mayst depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms. Scribl.

Ver. 131. *lay down,*] Is one of the most inaccurate expressions in this poem.

Ver. 138. *Cook shall be Prior,*] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his Innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half notes, which he carefully owned. W.

Ibid. *and Concanen, Swift:*] In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader. W.

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)

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Ver. 140. *And we too boast our Garth and Addison.*] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this subject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth, pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did, what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in *parts of private character*, and introduced *persons independent of his subject*. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern). But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:

"The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To shew us which way blows the wind.

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Ver. 141, 142. ——————*piteous of his case,*
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face.]

——"Risit pater optimus illi.—
Me liceat casum misereri insontis amici—
Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis." &c.
Virg. Æneid. v. W.

A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;

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"Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.

"With Egypt's art thy pen may strive;
One potent drop let this but shed:
And ev'ry rogue that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious mummy dead." W.

Ver. 142. *rueful length of face*] "The decrepit person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his *Genius:* an honest mind will love and esteem a *man of worth*, though he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his *rueful length of face!*" Mist's Journal, June 8. This *Genius* and *man of worth*, whom an honest mind should *love*, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the Pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any Man, though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently; "Natural deformity comes not by our fault, 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this *Author* is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and nature have given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c. Dennis, Character of Mr. P. octavo, 1716.

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33. "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not *him;* whereas to call

Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure. 146

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some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little ass*, or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion*, or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as once was my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro*, *calceatum caput*, *scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: but in our mother-tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. Scribl.

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable Verses:

" While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

" While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times tho' many a Friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

" But when the World's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame,
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:

" When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see." W.

Ver. 143. *A shaggy Tap'stry,*] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue. 150

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that which is spoken of by Donne——*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings.* The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æneid. v. W.

Ver. 144. *On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;*] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his *poverty* very copiously, Sat. iii. ver. 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

" Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd;
And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd.
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost." Dryden.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the Letters, Advertisements, &c. to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirized the Poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribbler: he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of state, a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c. W.

Ver. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge*] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called The Observator: he was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane, but knows,
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In every loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;

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Ver. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper,*] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so. W.

Ibid. *Cudgell'd*] It is painful to reflect, that even Dryden once underwent this discipline. Mr. Nelson, whose truth cannot be questioned, writes thus to Dr. Mapletoft, Jan. 2, 1679; "Your friend and schoolfellow Mr. Dryden has been severely beaten for being the supposed author of a late very abusive lampoon. There has been a good sum of money offered to find who set them on work; 'tis said they received their orders from the Dutchess of Portsmouth, who is concerned in the lampoon."

Line 150 is particularly happy.

Ver. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the Scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid Revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c. in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. W.

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Ver. 151. *Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,*]

"Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis——
Constitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?" Virg. Æn. i. W.

Ver. 156. *And the fresh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

"His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms." W.

Fair as before her works she stands confess'd, 159
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;

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Ver. 157. *See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd*] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scribblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who, in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy. Scribl.

Ibid. *Eliza Haywood;* This woman was authoresss of those most scandalous books called The Court of Carimania, and the New Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, KEY, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this Lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for *Reformation of manners*, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the *sweetness of his disposition*, and that *tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow-creatures;* that, though she should find the *little inadvertencies* of her *own life* recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve." Mrs. HAYWOOD, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18. W.

Ver. 160. *Kirkall*, the name of an Engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them. W.

Ver. 162. *The salient spout,*] No wit can atone for the meanness, filthiness, and vulgarity, of this contest. This Osborne

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Ver. 158. *Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;*]

"Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati."
Virg. Æneid. v. W.

His be yon Juno of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome,
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Osborne and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his Wife.)

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was the bookseller who purchased the great library of the Earl of Oxford, for 13,000*l.* which, says Mr. Oldys, was not more than the binding of the books had cost. Dr. Johnson wrote the preface to the catalogue, and is reported, during this employment, to have knocked Osborne down with a folio in his shop. But Johnson himself used to say, "I beat him for being impertinent to me; but it was in my own chamber, and not in his shop."

Ver. 167. *Osborne; Thomas*] A Bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here instead of a less deserving Predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's Subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without Copper-plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this Advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739. "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his

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Ver. 163. ——*yon Juno*——
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]

In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

Ver. 165. *This China Jordan*]

"Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito."
Virg. Æneid. vi.

In the games of Homer, Iliad xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two. W.

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and superior size.
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd.)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.

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fame! How, with Honour to yourself, and Justice to your Subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the *Only honest Poet* that lived in 1738! and than whom *Virtue* has not had a *shriller Trumpeter* for many ages! That you were once *generally admired and esteemed* can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by *this fact*:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the Bookseller. W.

Ver. 172. It, is inaccurate, and wants a substantive.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour]

" Ille—melior motu, fretusque juventa;
Hic membris et mole valens." Virg. Æneid. v. W.

Ver. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow———*
(Sure sign,——]

The words of Homer, of the Rainbow, in Iliad xi.

————ὅς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

" Que le fils de Saturne a fondé dans les nües, pour être dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels." Dacier. W.

So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes:
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.

REMARKS.

Ver. 183. *Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;*] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, through half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage *glow.*

This I cannot but think the right: for first, through the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne sçay quoi*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this world *glow* in other parts of his works: to instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—"With one resentment glows.
(2.) Ibid. xi. ver. 626.—"There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—"The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus*]

Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.

"Et gemina auratus taurino *cornua* vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis."

The Poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

"Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast.
Whose fame's in thine, like lesser currents lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods." W.

Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;

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(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—"Encompass'd Hector glows.

(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—"His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.

(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—"Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.

(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—"And curl'd on silver props in order glow."

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this *beautiful word*, which, therefore, let *all future editions* replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time: but from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every *lover of our author* will conclude he had more *humanity* than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his *own fault*, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. THEOBALD, half SCRIBL. It reflects shame on both of them.

Ver. 187. *the high-wrought day,*] Some affirm this was originally, *well p—st day;* but the Poet's decency would not suffer it. W.

Nor should the Commentator have written such a note!

Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

REMARKS.

Ver. 198. *The Dedicators*] Among the innumerable instances that might be given of fulsome Dedications, none can exceed that of the courtly Abbé Choisy, to Madame Maintenon, prefixed to the translation of his *Kempil*, with her picture kneeling before a crucifix, and these words of the 44th Psalm; "Hearken, O Daughter, and consider."

Ver. 203. *Paulo Antonio Rolli*, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen, who affected to direct the Operas.

He also translated Paradise Lost with spirit and elegance; and published Marchettis' fine translation of Lucretius.

Ver. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Thomas Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar,* adorare! *O ingens* Reipublicæ *nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto* Heroe *Britanniam! Illi tali tantoque viro* DEUM *per* Omnia *adfuisse, manumque ejus et mentem direxisse,* CERTISSIMUM EST. Hujus *enim* Unius *ferme opera,* æquissimis *et* perhonorificis conditionibus, *diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impositum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit,* Pacem*que diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm 207
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 207 in the first Ed.

But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm, &c. W.

REMARKS.

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated:

"Thy Father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican Orb, we much desire to *adore!* O mighty Column of our *Republic!* Oh Britain, fortunate in such a *Hero!* That to such and so great a Man GOD was ever present, in *every thing*, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a *Most Absolute Certainty!* For it is in a manner by the operation of this *Man alone*, that we behold a *War* (alas! how much too long a one!) brought at length to an end, *on the most just and most honourable Conditions.* Oh Day eternally to be memorated! wherein all the Terrors of his Country were ended, and a PEACE (long wished for by *almost all Europe*) was restored by HARLEY, the Love and Delight of the people of England."

But that this gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed, to Mr. Pope, wherein several Noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very PEACE which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty.* W.

Ver. 207. *Welsted*] Leonard Welsted, author of The Triumvirate, or a Letter in verse from Palemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a *Gentleman* to his *Creator:* and there was another in praise either of a Cellar, or a Garret. L. W. characterized in the treatise Περὶ Βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same time:

"Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a Mole:

Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, from her, the nobler prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries),
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish, ev'ry heart,
With Shakspeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,

REMARKS.

Above ground never born to grow,
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a Mole-hill all this strife,
It digs pokes, undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into Light—and dies."

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169. W.

Ver. 213. *A youth unknown to Phœbus*, &c.] The satire of this episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: That although their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puffed Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded. Scribl.

Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrow with a tolling bell:
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe:
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass.
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring, all,
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart,

REMARKS.

Ver. 226. *With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,*] The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is *my* Thunder." W.

Ver. 238. *Norton.*] See ver. 417.—*J. Durant Breval,* Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems. See before, Note on ver. 126.

Ver. 239. *Dennis and Dissonance,*] "Which two lines, (says

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 223. 225. *To move, to raise,* &c.
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake, &c.]

"Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes"—— W.

And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
Hold (cry'd the Queen), a Cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.
So swells each windpipe; Ass intones to Ass,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;

REMARKS.

Harris, in his Philological Enquiries, p. 101) though truly poetical and humorous, may be suspected by some to shew their art too conspicuously, and two nearly to resemble that verse of old Ennius;

"O Titi, tuti, tati, tibi tanta, tyranne, tulisti."

Alliteration, I must add, is a figure too lavishly used by many modern writers; there are beautiful examples of it in Lucretius and Virgil; and Dryden, who had so fine and just an ear, often adopted it with much success. But in his most harmonious lines, he seldom extended it beyond two words: it is apt to fall into affectation if carried farther.

Ver. 247. *milky mothers*] The epithet is from Spenser, 36. c. 8.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 243. *a Cat-call each shall win*, &c.

"Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites:
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic."— Virgil, Ecl. iii. W.

Ver. 247. *As when the*, &c.] A simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer. W.

Such as from lab'ring lungs the' Enthusiast blows,
High Sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitefield! thine.
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.

REMARKS.

Ver. 258. *Webster—and Whitefield!*] The one the writer of a Newspaper called the *Weekly Miscellany;* the other a Field-preacher. The Enthusiast thought the only means of advancing Religion was by the New-birth of spiritual madness: the Bigot, by the old death of fire and fagot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthusiasm are, while the Civil Magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, to be employed against the other. W.

In a letter, of Warburton, preserved in the British Museum, among Dr. Birch's papers, addressed to M. Demaizeux, he says very pleasantly; "I have seen Whitefield's Journal, and he appears to me to be as mad as ever George Fox the Quaker was. These are very fit Missionaries, you will say, to propagate the Christian Faith amongst Infidels. There is another of them, one W. who came over from the same Mission: he told a friend of mine, that he had lived most deliciously the last summer in Georgia, sleeping under trees, and feeding on boiled maize, sauced with the ashes of oak leaves; that he will return thither, and then will cast off his English dress, and wear a dyed skin, like the savages, the better to ingratiate himself with them. It would be well for virtue and religion, if this humour would lay hold generally of our over-heated bigots, and send them to cool themselves in the Indian marshes. I fancy that Ven and Webster would make a very entertaining as well as proper figure in a couple of bear-skins, and marching in this terror of equipage, like the Pagan priests of old:

"Jamque sacerdotes, primusque Potitius, ibant
Pellibus in morem cinctis, flammasque ferebant."

In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.

REMARKS.

Ver. 268. *Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.*] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

"Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;"

and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 260. *bray back to him again*] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

"Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit." Georg. iii.

"He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again."
Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of *Armour*, *War*, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry. W.

Ver. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;*]

"Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca."
Virgil, Ecl. viii.

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-Hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æneid vii. on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

"Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini." W.

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end) 270

REMARKS.

poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterward the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the *same foot* with *Homer*." Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times! p. 25, who says, Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been *so much as named*, or even *thought of*, among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's *Action* (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no *Fable*, and no *Heroic Poem:* his Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his Narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic." --Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has *no Genius;* first laying down, "that Genius is caused by a *furious joy and pride of soul*, on the conception of an *extraordinary Hint*. Many men (says he) have their *Hints*, without these motions of *fury* and *pride of soul*, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned *emotions* without the *extraordinary hints;* and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the *Hints*, nor the *Motions*." Remarks on Prince Arthur, octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman, in his first works, abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270.) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Rich-

To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,

REMARKS.

ard had neglected, an *Argument to prove it;* which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It was he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is *apparent* to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a *Popish rhymster*. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up *Protestants* be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be *Atheists*, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a *Popish rhymster* has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another *Popish rhymster* but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of *Impiety* and *Irreligion*. "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the church of England; for the visible descent of an angel must be a miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the church of England, that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur insufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to consider," etc. Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur. W.

Ver. 270. *As morning pray'r, and flagellation end.*] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church-service, that the criminals are whipped in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the *time* of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourers' dinner: our author by one very proper both to the *Persons* and the *scene* of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day: The first book passed in that *night;* the next *morning* the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet-street (places inhabited by Booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell towards Fleet-ditch, and lastly through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess. W.

The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
Here prove who best can dash through thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
A peck of coals apiece shall glad the rest."

REMARKS.

Ver. 276, 277, 278.—*Dash through thick and thin—love of dirt —dark dexterity*] The chief qualifications of Party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess. W.

Ver. 280. *the Weekly Journals*] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, etc. the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others: persons never seen by our author. W.

Ver. 280. *Who dives the best;*] The idea of this Game is evidently taken from Lord Dorset's fine verses on Howard. I wonder Swift in his Rhapsody on Poetry would venture on the same subject and idea of diving, after Pope had succeeded so well:

"For instance; when you rashly think
No Rhymer can like Welsted sink,
His merits balanc'd you shall find,
That Fielding leaves him far behind.'
Folio, Ver. 392. 1733.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 273. *The king of Dykes, etc.*]

"Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
——— quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis." Virg. W.

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;

REMARKS.

Little did Swift imagine that this very Fielding would hereafter equal him in works of humour, and excel him in drawing and supporting characters, and in the artful conduct and plan of a Comic Epopée.

Ver. 282. *A peck of coals apiece*] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *Poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pickpocket, a Highwayman, or a Knight of the post, is spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* Thief, a *poor* Pockpocket, a *hungry* Highwayman, a *starving* Knight of the post, *etc.* W.

Here again has Swift borrowed from his friend, on the great number of our Scribblers who, he says,

"Computing by their Pecks of Coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls."

This Rhapsody, and the verses on his own death, are the best of Swift's poetical productions, though they cannot be called true Poetry.

Ver. 283. *In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,*] Mr. JOHN OLDMIXON, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient Critic of our Nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own Simile, that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In Poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterized by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of *Omicron* the *Unborn Poet.*" Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry consisting of heroic Epistles, etc. some whereof are very well done," said that great Judge Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore?
Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.
The Senior's Judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;
Smedley in vain resounds through all the coast.

REMARKS.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a *particular fact* to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death. W.

Ver. 291. *Next Smedley div'd;*] In the surreptitious editions, this whole Episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 285. *Then sighing, thus, "And am I now threescore? etc.*]

"——Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes
Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos." Ovid.

Ver. 293. *and call on Smedley lost, etc.*]

"Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas, in vain, resounds through all the Coast."
Lord Roscom. Transl. of Virgil's vi^th. Ecl.

Then* essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
True to the bottom, see Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep;

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 289 in the first Edit. followed these,

Far worse unhappy D——r succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

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if they meant the Laureat, nothing was was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The Allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Eusden's works rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728. W.

Ver. 295. *Then * essay'd;*] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels, and personal invectives. W.

Supposed to be Hill: though this was denied by Pope.

Ver. 299. *Concanen*] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called a Supplement to the Profund, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did), but those of the duke of Buck-

If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion, canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!

REMARKS.

ingham, and others: to this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi.* He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke, and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer Justice and Law in Jamaica. W.

This is the Scribbler to whom Warburton wrote his famous Letter, published by Dr. Akenside; by which it appears, that Concanen was intimately acquainted with Dr. Warburton, in the year 1728, at the time when he published a Supplement to the Profund.

Ver. 306, 307. *With each a sickly brother at his back: Sons of a day! etc.*] These were daily Papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another. W.

—— *at his back,* is a woful conceit!

Ver. 311. *like Niobe*] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii. where the miserable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described. W.

Ver. 312. *Osborne,*] A name assumed by the eldest and

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Ver. 302. *Not everlasting Blackmore,*]

"Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori," etc.
Virg. Æneid.

And Monumental Brass this record bears,
" These are,—ah no! these were the Gazetteers!"

REMARKS.

gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent. W.

Ver. 314. *Gazetteers!*] We ought not to suppress that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of this poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly. Scribl.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen, Courtiers, Bishops, Deans, and Doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money: others with Places or Benefices, from a hundred to a thousand a-year. It appears from the *Report* of the *Secret Committee* for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O. "That no less than *fifty thousand seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings*, were paid to Authors and Printers of Newspapers, such as Free-Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutters' Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which shews the Benevolence of one Minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church, or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing. W.

(Perhaps Dr. Warburton, in this last sentence, has carried his censure too far.)

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day ex-

Not so bold Arnall; with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one Layman place.

REMARKS.

tant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author in the Dialogue of One thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight, line 29. W.

Ver. 315. *Arnall;*] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious Party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his Predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: witness a paper, called the Free-Briton; a Dedication entitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without a cause, it appearing by the aforesaid REPORT, that he received "for Free-Britons, and other writings, in the space of *four years*, no less than *ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings and eight-pence*, out of the Treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.

Ver. 318. *Gravitation blest*] From Dorset on Howard, who had such alacrity in Sinking.

When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago.

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Ver. 323. *The plunging Prelate,*] It was imagined he meant Bishop Sherlock, whom Bolingbroke attacks so violently in the Dissertation on Parties, for defending the measures of Sir Robert Walpole, who was Sherlock's Contemporary at Eton College, and who used to relate, that when some of the Scholars, going to bathe in the Thames, stood shivering on the Bank, Sherlock plunged in immediately over his head and ears.

Ver. 331. *First he relates,*] The Adventures of Smedley, and what he saw in the Shades below, from thence down to Line 352, are finely imagined, and one of the most poetical passages in any of his Works.

Ver. 336. *As Hylas fair*] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi. W.
But it is better told by Theocritus, Idyll. 13.

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Ver. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares:*] Virg. Æneid. vi. of the Sibyl:

" ———majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans"———

Then sung, how shewn him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse),
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the TEMPLE creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.

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Ver. 338. *A branch of Styx, &c.*]

Οἵ τ' ἀμφ' ἱμερτὸν Τιταρήσιον ἔργ' ἐνέμοντο,
Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίῤῥοον ὕδωρ,
Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ,
Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἠΰτ' ἔλαιον,
Ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀπαῤῥώξ.
Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the Land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's True History. *Lethe* and the *Land of Dreams* allegorically represent the *Stupefaction* and *visionary Madness* of Poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alpheus's water gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of the Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl. x.

"Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam."

And again, Æneid. iii.

"——Alpheum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis." W.

Ver. 341. *Secret sluice*] Not so much from Moschus or Virgil, as mentioned in the above note, but clearly taken from the Arcades of Milton;

"Divine Alphéus, who, by secret sluice,
Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse."

Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose;
They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest.
"Receive (he said) these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable Army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,

REMARKS.

Ver. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn, a Clergyman, the fairest of Critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. Append. W.

Ver. 355. *Around him wide, etc.*] It is to be hoped that the satire in these lines will be understood in the confined sense in which the Author meant it, of such only of the Clergy, who, though solemnly engaged in the service of Religion, dedicate themselves, for venal and corrupt ends, to the service of Ministers or Factions; and though educated under an entire ignorance of the world, aspire to interfere in the government of it, and consequently to disturb and disorder it; in which they fall short of their Predecessors only by being invested with much less of that power and authority, which they employed indifferently

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 347. *Thence to the banks, etc.*]

"Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni"——etc.

Prompt or to guard or stab, or saint or damn,
Heav'n's Swiss, who fight for any God, or Man.
Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known Fleet
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street,
Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopp'd the Goddess, and in pomp proclaims,
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;

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(as is hinted at in the lines above) either in supporting arbitrary power, or in exciting rebellion; in canonizing the vices of Tyrants, or in blackening the virtues of Patriots; in corrupting religion by superstition, or betraying it by libertinism, as either was thought best to serve the ends of Policy, or flatter the follies of the Great.

I fear, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Commentator in his note on this passage, that it will be thought to contain too general and unmerited a censure on the Clergy. The expression is taken from Dryden's Hind and Panther;

"Those Swisses fight for any side for pay."

Ver. 359. *Lud's fam'd gates,*] "King Lud repairing the City, called it after his own name, Lud's Town; the strong gate which he built in the West Part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other Kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore." Stowe's Survey of London. W.

Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;
To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring;
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.

REMARKS.

Ver. 374. See Hom. Odyss. xii. Ovid. Met. i.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 380, 381. *The same their talents—Each prompt, etc.*]

" Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et certare pares, et respondere parati." Virg. Ecl. vi.

Ver. 382. *And smit with love of Poesy and Prate,*]

" Smit with the love of sacred song"——— Milton.

Ver. 384. *The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring;*]

" Consedere duces, et vulgi stante corona."
Ovid. Met. xiii.

Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 399 in the first Edit. it was,

Collins and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer.

REMARKS.

Ver. 387. *in one lazy tone*] The powerful effects of hearing two dull authors read, described, from hence to the end of this Book, deserve great applause, for Imagination, Expression, and Elegance; particularly lines 388 to 396.

Ver. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak,*] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea scheme, etc. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to plays, and *one small* piece on Love, which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest Statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the Courts of Law in this nation. W.

Ver. 399. *Toland and Tindal,*] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. *Toland,* the Author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called *Pantheisticon,* was a spy in pay to Lord Oxford. *Tindal* was author of the *Rights of the Christian Church,* and *Christianity as old as the Crea-*

Who sate the nearest, by the word o'ercome,
Slept first: the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion from one circle to the rest:
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *sea of heads*.

REMARKS.

tion. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S———, which was suppressed, while yet in MS. by an eminent person then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation: this Doctor afterward published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person. W.

Ver. 400. *Christ's No kingdom here*, etc.] This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop. W.

It certainly did allude to the famous sermon of Bishop Hoadley, whom our Author disliked on account of some letters signed Britannicus in the London Journal, against Bishop Atterbury; whom also Hoadley had vigorously attacked, for his false and perverse interpretation of that text in St. Paul: "If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable:" and also for a famous sermon on another ill-understood passage of Scripture, 'Charity shall cover a multitude of sins:" and for his sermon before the Convocation. Atterbury, I believe, was one of the last preachers that ever injudiciously urged the authenticity of the Sybilline verses, as proofs of the coming of our Saviour. Warburton was not of Atterbury's opinion with respect to Churchpower. See his "Alliance."

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 410. *O'er all the sea of heads.*]

"A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."
Blackm. Job.

At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage, gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 413 in the first Edit. it was,

T———s and T——— the Church and State gave o'er,
Nor*** talked, nor S——— whisper'd more.

REMARKS.

Ver. 411. *Centlivre*] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many Plays, and a Song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i. p. 32.) before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it. W.

Ver. 413. *Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, "The Playhouse is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar pleasure of the Devil; where all they who go yield to the Devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and all who are there are hearing Music in the very Porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaster, as between *two religious Books*, the *Bible* and the *Alcoran*." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the Stage were *Jacobites* and *Nonjurors;* and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the *Pretender*." Mr. Collier published his Short View when France declared for the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive, just at the *great storm*, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the *Jacobites* flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, though I know nothing of the time of publishing, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke

Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

REMARKS.

d'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the *late Rebellion*. Dennis, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. ult. W.

How Boyer, who was indeed a dull but useful writer, offended our author, I have never heard. But indeed most of the Scribblers here proscribed, were of a rank much inferior to the writers whom Boileau thought proper to attack; particularly Quinault, whom he so unjustly and impotently censured. It was said of Boileau, that though he made Vice odious, he never made Virtue amiable. Law was a melancholy Enthusiast, who disguised and misrepresented true Religion by dressing it up in dark gloomy colours.

Ver. 414. *Morgan*] A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his Title, of a *Moral Philosopher*. *

Ibid. *Mandevil*] Author of a famous book called *the Fable of the Bees;* written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the imposition of fools; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy.

Ver. 418. *And all was hush'd,*] Alluding to the first Line of Dryden's Description of Night in the Indian Emperor. A Description which Rhymer produces as a Specimen of the Superiority of English Poetry, to that of other nations: after quoting the Descriptions of Apollonius, Virgil, Ariosto, Tasso, Marino, Chapelain, and Le Moyne; as if, by one description, such a question could be determined! Rhymer introduces this criticism in the preface to his translation of Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's Poetics; and Rhymer, at that time, gave the Law to all writers, and was appealed to as a supreme judge of all works of Taste and Genius. How well he was qualified for this character, will appear by observing, that after making remarks on what he calls our three Epic Poets, Spenser, Davenant, and Cowley, he mentions not one syllable of Milton. But Milton was not relished and comprehended either by Rapin or Rhymer.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

REMARKS.

Ver. 426. *And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:*] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearance;* a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspired in this posture,

"(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd,"

and the like), but an eminent Casuist tells us, that "if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal." Scribl.

Ver. 427. *Fleet*] A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch. W.

Ver. 428. *Haunt of the Muses*] A most happy stroke of sly satire, unexpected stolen in.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap: a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl to the Elysian shade; *where, on the banks of* Lethe, *the souls of the dull are dipped by* Bavius, *before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of* Settle, *and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a* Mount of Vision, *from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the island of* Great Britain, *shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees, it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are*

explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle *breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with* Farces, Operas, *and* Shows; *how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the* Theatres, *and set up even at* Court: *then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of* Arts *and* Sciences: *giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.*

BOOK III.

But in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal Fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descending views th' Elysian Shade.

REMARKS.

Ver. 5, 6, &c. Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present Age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great Geniuses in Divinity, Politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity. Scribl.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 7, 8. *Hence from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,*
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:]

" Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio"——— Virg. Æneid. viii. W.

A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along,
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more)
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.

REMARKS.

Ver. 19. *Taylor*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence. A rare example of modesty in a Poet!

"I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
I there was gravel'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterward (like Edward Ward) kept an Alehouse in Long-Acre. He died in 1654. W.

Ver. 21. *Benlowes*] A country gentleman famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronising bad Poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagramed his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus:* to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them. W.

Ibid. *Benlowes – Brown—Mears*] How could he waste so much time, and throw away such charming Poetry, on objects so very unknown and despicable! What a state of anger and irritation must his mind (and such a mind!) have been in, during the many hours, nay years, he spent in writing the 1670 lines of the Dunciad!

Ver. 22. *And Shadwell nods the Poppy*, &c.] Shadwell took Opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 15. *A slip-shod Sibyl*, &c.]

"Conclamat Vates —
—— furens antro se immisit aperto." Virg. W.

Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,

REMARKS.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits,*] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be *hated* and *detested* for his evil works; *Qui Bavium non* odit; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great *Good Nature* and *Mercifulness* through the whole course of this Poem. Scribl.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: for (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit." Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An Argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad. W.

Ver. 28. *unbar the gates of Light,*] An Hemistic of Milton. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Here, in a dusky vale,* &c.]

"——Videt Æneas in valle reducta
Seclusum nemus ———
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, etc.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes," &c.
Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

Ver. 24. *Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,*] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

"At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
Lustrabat"—— Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

By no means with an intent to render him impenetrable; but merely in allusion to the passage in Virgil here quoted.

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory.

REMARKS.

Ver. 28. *Brown and Mears*] Booksellers, Printers for any body.—The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible. W.

Ver. 34. *Ward in Pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Esq. Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a satire, as a *great act of barbarity*. Key to the Dunc. 3d edit. p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it. Durgen, 8vo. p. 11, 12. "How unworthy is it of *Christian Charity* to animate the *rabble* to abuse a *worthy man* in such a situation! What could move the Poet thus to mention a *brave sufferer*, a *gallant prisoner*, exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his *Senses*, it was committing a *Crime*, for which the *Law* is *deficient* not to punish him! nay, a Crime which *Man can scarce forgive*, or *Time efface!* Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great Lady," &c. to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman, was guilty of no offence but Forgery, proved in open Court. But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no *Eggs* were thrown at that Gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the Poet, when he stood there. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 31, 32. *Millions and Millions—Thick as the stars*, &c.]

"Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves," &c.
Virg. Æn. vi. W.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: when lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which Settle wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:

REMARKS.

Ver. 36. *and length of ears,*] This is a *sophistical* reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the Critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertancy of some Transcriber, whose head ran on the *Pillory*, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it! Yet that *Scholiast* takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for *personal Satire* on a *Man's face* (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part;) so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying-Post, and all the herd of Commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore wanted) will restore us to the true sense of the Poet, thus,

"By his broad shoulders known, and length of *years*."

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the *Pillory*. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD's, partly SCRIBL. W.

Ver. 37. *Settle*] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics. Mr. Dennis tells us, that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the *preference*." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the *Mighty rival* of Dryden; nay, for *many years*, bore his reputation *above* him." Pref. to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milbourn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!" Notes on Dryd. Virg. p. 175. These

All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
  Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existing state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?

REMARKS.

are comfortable opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the tme of king Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on *one side*, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with Cuts). "Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the Town but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." Dennis, Pref. to Rem. on Hom. W.

Ver. 43. *Oh born to see*] It ought to be remarked and remembered, that the Speech of Settle, which begins at this line, is uninterruptedly continued to line 224, and ought to be printed as such, without any break in the periods; and, with the interruption of a few lines, at line 230, goes on from line 251 to 338 of this Book.

Ver. 50. *Might from Bœotian*, &c.] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest Poets, and one of the greatest Generals, of Greece:

"Bœotum crasso jurares aere natum." Horat. W.

How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages through old Monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.
As man's Meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For thus our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands:

REMARKS.

Ver. 67. *Ascend this hill, &c.*] The scenes of this Vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from ver. 67

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays.*]

"———— sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros."
Virg. Ecl. viii. W.

Ver. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to Vision true*
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:]

This has resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel

"To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.*"

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole Episode. W.

See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line
(Earth's wide extremes), her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;

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to 73, those places of the globe are shewn where Science *never* rose; then from ver. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by *Tyranny;* from ver. 85 to 95, by inundations of *Barbarians;* from ver. 96 to 106, by *Superstition.* Then Rome, the Mistress of Arts, is described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the Action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulness in review. W.

It cannot be believed that our author ever dreamt of the order which the learned Remarker has supposed to be observed in this vision. This note is precisely in the style and manner of a forced and refined conceit of another eminent Prelate the good Bishop of Thessalonica, Eustathius: "Aurora was in love with Orion, who was a great Hunter;" by which it was hinted that the morning was the most favourable time for Hunting.

Ver. 69. *See, round the Poles,* &c.] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance. W.

Ver. 73. Our author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations. W.

See selections from Pauw, with curious and valuable Additions by Daniel Webb, Esq. an author who unites profound Philosophy with fine Taste.

Ver. 74. *orient Science*] Indostan was in all probability the Parent of all the Sciences that arose first in the East. Many new lights will be thrown on this subject by the curious investigations of Sir William Jones at Calcutta.——Since this was written, I am sorry to hear of the loss the world and his friends (of whom I had the happiness of being one) have sustained by his death.

Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Physic of the soul.
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
Embodied dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!

REMARKS.

Ver. 75. Chi Ho-am-ti Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire. W.

Ver. 76. *He, whose long wall*] Other nations, says Voltaire, fortify their towns; the Chinese fortified their empire. The great Wall which separated and defended China against the Tartars, and which was built a hundred and thirty-seven years before our era, subsists to this day, on a circumference of five hundred leagues, rising on the tops of mountains, and descending down into precipices, being almost every where twenty feet broad and above thirty feet high; a monument superior to the Pyramids of Egypt, both by its utility and its immensity.

Ver. 78. *into air.*] A very poor expression! and unworthy our author.

Ver. 81, 82. The Caliph, Omar I. having conquered Egypt, caused his general to burn the Ptolemean library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul. W.

Ver. 85. *from Hyperborean skies*] The Roman, like other great Empires, having degraded, debased, and destroyed, a great part of the human species, about the fourth century there rushed forth from the North prodigious swarms of warlike nations, from regions unknown, to take vengeance on those Tyrants, for the various calamities they had inflicted on mankind. Their mighty

Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul!

REMARKS.

armies could not have been conducted, nor could their victories have been so important, without more skill, and address, and knowledge, than they are commonly represented to have possessed. When the Goths, it is said, had sacked Athens, and were going to set fire to its libraries, one of their Chiefs dissuaded them from the design, by observing to them, that as long as the Greeks were addicted to the Study of Books, they would never apply themselves to the exercise of Arms.

Ver. 87. *Lo! where Mœotis*] This is said to be Pope's favourite line of all his Works.

Ver. 92. *Attila's dread name!*] At an entertainment given by Attila to the Roman ambassadors, two Scythians advanced to him, and recited a poem, in which they celebrated his victories and military virtues. All the Huns fixed their eyes with attention on these bards: some, remembering their own exploits, exulted with joy; others, feeble with age, burst into tears, bewailing the decay of their vigour.

See also a fine chapter, the 19th of Montesquieu's Grandeur, &c. for a character of this great hero.

A Poet of Calabria, named Marullus, having written a panegyric on Attila, after he had taken Padua, 451, in which he had called Attila a God, and said he was of Divine Original, Attila, ordering the verses to be interpreted to him, with indignation ordered the poem to be burnt, and the poet with difficulty escaped the same punishment. See Fabricius, Bibl. Mediæ et Infimæ Latinitatis, T. 5. The noble painting by Raphael of Attila, St. Peter, and St. Paul, is well known.

See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep.

Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.

REMARKS.

Ver. 96. *(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)*] Phœnicia, Syria, &c. where letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests. W.

Ver. 102. *thund'ring against heathen lore;*] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strongest effects of this excess of zeal in him: *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui mel-leo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit et inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam com-bussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, et major authoritas, et diligentia studiosior.* Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets; because (says this Pope) *In uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy: *Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.* The same Pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c. than to holy things. Bayle, Dict. W.

Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And e'en th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets, pav'd with Heroes, Tyber chok'd with Gods:
Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn;
See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.

REMARKS.

Ver. 108. *Tyber chok'd with Gods*:] The Ruins of Rome are imaged in a sublimer strain by Akenside:

> " —— Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
> Expands her raven wings; and from the gate
> Where senates once the weal of nations plann'd,
> Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
> That clasp the mould'ring column." B. 2. v. 680.

It is observed, that interruptions in the periods of learning may be sometimes favourable to the Arts and Sciences, by breaking the progress of authority, and dethroning the usurpers over human reason.

Ver. 109. *Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,*] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of Antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the Temples, by converting them to Churches; and some of the Statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of the Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's Head turned to that of Holofernes. W.

Ver. 111. *graceless Venus*] Many pleasing instances of this kind are given in Middleton's entertaining Letter from Rome: " As it is, in the Pantheon (he says), 'tis just the same in all the other heathen Temples that still remain at Rome; they have only pulled down one idol to set up another in its place, and

Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims, trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.
In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!

REMARKS.

changed rather the name than the object of their worship. Thus the little Temple of Vesta, near the Tyber, mentioned by Horace, is now possessed by the Madonna of the Sun; that of Fortuna Virilis, by Mary the Egyptian; that of Saturn (where the public Treasure was anciently kept), by St. Adrian; that of Romulus and Remus, in the Via Sacra, by two other brothers, Cosmas and Damianus; that of Antonine the Godly, by Laurence the Saint: but for my part, I should sooner be tempted out of devotion for Romulus or Antonine, to prostrate myself before their statues, than those of a Laurence or a Damian; and much rather with Pagan Rome give Divine Honours to the Founders of Empires, than with Popish Rome to the Founders of Monasteries." Middleton borrowed much from Les Conformités de Ceremonies modernes avec les Anciennes. A Leyde, 1667.

Ver. 112. *Or Phidias broken,*] Poggius, sitting with a friend on the top of Capitoline hill, makes a pleasing and eloquent description of the Ruins of Rome, which lay in prospect below him; inserted in the Dialogue de Varietate Fortunæ, republished at Paris, 1723; written about the year 1440.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been.*] Wars in England anciently, about the right time of celebrating Easter. W.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 117, 118. *Happy!—had Easter never been.*]

"Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent."
Virg. Ecl. vi. W.

Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy influence, but restrain thy Rage.
And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the Mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd,
Shall take through Grub-street her triumphant round;

REMARKS.

Ver. 126. *Dove-like, she gathers*] This is fulfilled in the fourth book. W.

The line is a little profane.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 127. 129. *Now look through fate!—See all her progeny*, &c.]

"Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam." Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

Ver. 131. *As Berecynthia*, &c.]

"Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecyntia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes."
Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a Dunce.
Mark first that Youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn.

A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each alehouse, thee each gillhouse mourn,
And answ'ring gin-shops sourer sighs return.

Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 149 in the first Edit. it was,

Woolston, the scourge of Scrip'ure, mark with awe!
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuss of Law! W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 138. *and each a Dunce.*] Never was there a happier Parody! merum sal—heightened by its allusion to one of the most magnificent passages in Virgil, Anchises shewing to Æneas his future progeny.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 139. *Mark first that Youth,* &c.]

"Ille, vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca"——Virg. Æn. vi. W.

Ver. 145. *From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,*]

"———si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!" Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

Ver. 147. *Thee shall each alehouse,* etc.]

"Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus." Virg. Æneid. viii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

"——— etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricæ," &c. W.

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow*, &c.] In the former Ed.

Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face. W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 149. *Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*] "This *Gentleman* is son of a *considerable Maltster* of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a *very eminent Attorney:* who between his *more laborious* studies, has *diverted* himself with Poetry. He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in prose the *Lives* of the *Poets*, *Essays*, and a great many Law-books, *The Accomplish'd Conveyancer, Modern Justice,*" &c. GILES JACOB of himself, *Lives of Poets*, vol. i. He very grossly, and unprovoked, abused in that book the Author's Friend, Mr. *Gay*. W.

Ver. 149, 150.

Jacob, *the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,*
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.]

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a *Respect* for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a *Regard* for my *Judgment;* otherwise he would never have subscribed *Two Guineas* to me, for one small Book in octavo." Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of *Blunderbuss* to Mr. Jacob, like that of *Thunderbolt* to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way. "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. *repented*, and to *give proof of his Repentance*, subscribed to my two Volumes of select Works, and afterward to my two Volumes of Letters." Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou mayst beware, when thou

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Ver. 150. Virg. Æneid. vi.——"duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ!" W.

Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A Fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass:

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givest thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are Good nature or Charity. W.

Ver. 152. *Horneck and Roome,*] These two were virulent Party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since after the publishing of this piece the former dying, the latter succeeded him in *Honour* and *Employment*. The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgate paper, called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleet-street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where by malicious Inuendos he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under the prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

"You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks:
You wonder at it.—This, Sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face."

Popple was the author of some vile plays and Pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called the Prompter. W.

Is it surprising, shall I say, or mortifying, to see the pains and patience of our Author and his Friends who compiled these large notes, in tracing out the lives and works of such paltry and forgotten scribblers! It is like walking through the darkest alleys of the dirtiest part of St. Giles's. To pull out these Literary Cacuses, incendia vana vomentes, from their dark dungeons and deep retreats, was a truly Herculean (though not very Heroic) labour. These, in truth, were Avia pieridum loca!

Ver. 153. *Goode,*] An ill-natured Critic, who writ a satire on our Author called, *The mock Esop*, and many anonymous Libels in Newspapers for hire. W.

Ver. 155. *Each Cygnet sweet,*] Borrowed from two lines of Young's Universal Passion. S. 6.

"Is there a wit who chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass!"

Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Durl.

Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 157. *Each Songster, Riddler*, &c.] In the former Ed.

Lo Bond and Foxtun, ev'ry nameless name.

After ver. 158 in the first Edit. followed,

How proud, how pale, how earnest, all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear! W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 157. *ev'ry nameless name,*] Personal satire, on objects so obscure, is unavoidably attended with the inconvenience of accompanying it with large notes and explanations, which, though tedious, are necessary; and without which it would be unintelligible. Brossette has been forced to use this method in his many notes on the Lutrin, and on the Satires of Boileau.

Ver. 165. *Ralph*] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our Author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his, entitled, *Night*, a Poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of *English* Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He

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Ver. 166. *And makes Night hideous*]

"——Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making Night hideous"—— Shaksp. W.

Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;

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was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even *French*. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "*Shakspeare* writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political Newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend, Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay;—and being detected in writing on both sides on one and the same day, he publicly justified the morality of his conduct. W.

He was afterward patronised by Lord Melcomb, who assisted him in compiling a very curious History of England from the Restoration to the Revolution, and is frequently mentioned in Lord Melcomb's Diary.

Ver. 168. *Morris*] *Besaleel.* See Book ii. W.

Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted*, &c.] Of this author see the Remark on Book ii. ver. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. *Welsted* had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a *kind of struggle* between the most eminent in the two universities, which should have the *honour* of his education. To *compound* this, he (*civilly*) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the *darling Expectation* of *all* the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that *will make no small part of the Fame* of his protectors.

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Ver. 169. *Flow, Welsted, flow!*] Parody on *Denham, Cooper's Hill.*

"O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!" W.

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.
Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?

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It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age.—Encouraged by such a *Combination* in his favour, he—published a book of poems, some in the *Ovidian*, some in the *Horatian* manner, in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he even *rivalled his masters*—His Love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt——In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode——his Epistle——his Verses——his Love-tale——all, are the *most perfect things in all poetry*. WELSTED of *Himself, Char. of the Times*, 8vo, 1728, p. 23, 24. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of 500 pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the Ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c. in 1742. W.

An ode of merit on the Duke of Marlborough by Welsted, was inserted in Dodsley's Miscellanies, at the desire of Dr. Akenside, who, I remember, much commended it. The simile of Beer is exactly copied from Addison in the Freeholder, No. 20.

Ver. 173. *Ah Dennis!* &c.] The reader who has seen, through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid our Author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) *set his Name* to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. *Jacob's Lives*, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. *Durfey*, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoyed the longest bodily life. W.

I was induced, by what Dr. Johnson has said of Dennis's Criticism on Cato, to look into some of his other works, in which are some remarks not totally contemptible; particularly on Milton; but in a harsh style and rough manner. Dr. Farmer relates a story of his having assaulted and stabbed a man in the dark when at Cambridge.

Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics' gore.
Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!

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Ver. 179. *Behold yon Pair,* &c.] One of these was Author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler,* as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin,* in which Mr. *Pope* was abused with the Duke of *Buckingham,* and Bishop of *Rochester.* They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad,* entitled *Homerides,* by Sir *Iliad Doggerel,* printed 1715. W.

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr. *Pope's,* had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception! And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one *Hercules* in his Cradle? C.

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Ver. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!*] Virg. Æneid. vi.

"——Ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!"—— W.

Ver. 179. *Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;*] Virg. Æneid. vi.

"Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ"———

And in the fifth,

"Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
Nisus amore pio pueri." W.

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;

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The union of these two authors gave occasion to this Epigram,

"Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write,
So dull, each hung an A——.
Thus Amphisbœna (I have read)
At either end assails;
None knows which leads or which is led,
For both Heads are but Tails."

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of *Virgil, Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship: that between *Nisus* and *Euryalus* is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to that Gentleman to induce him to think something farther. "Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation which God and Nature designed——Sir, you have a very fine Lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children,"—&c. [*Dedic. to* Dennis's *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turned upon this article: he had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the *Stage*, and since the *Italian Opera* had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: he went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, "That he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable at this juncture; since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing men's minds to the natural desire of women." DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. *Law*, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together. W.

Settle, for we must remember that it is he that is still speak-

Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.
" But who is he, in closet close y-pent
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.

REMARKS.

ing, passes from character to character in a very abrupt incoherent manner. Surely not in the manner in which Virgil proceeds in the vision pointed out in the notes, from the 6th Book of the Æneid. The Pasquin, mentioned in line 182, was a weekly Paper, and not the comedy written by Fielding, full of humour, pleasantry, and satire, on the ministry; and which occasioned the act of parliament for licensing plays, an act that met with a very powerful opposition at the time.

Ver. 184. *That shines a* Consul, *this* Commissioner.] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers. W.

Ver. 187. *arede*] *Read,* or *peruse;* though sometimes used for *counsel.* " READE THY READ, *take thy Counsaile.* Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath *wisely* made use of this word,

' The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked READ his ear.'

But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms the word READ is changed into *men.* I say *spurious* editions, because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Psalms, are *strange alterations,* all for the worse; and yet the Title-page stands as it used to do! and all (which is *abominable* in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the innovators as cheats.——A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved

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Ver. 185. *But who is he,* &c.] Virg. Æneid. vi. questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa:*

" Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaque menta," &c. W.

To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past! 190
There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls, see only in the dark,

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of by such as are for *Uniformity*, and have any regard for the *old* English Saxon tongue." HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE. W.

Ver. 188. Wormius *hight.*] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned *Olaus Wormius;* much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr. *Thomas Hearne*, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts, which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient Words* here employed in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but *wisely*, yea *excellently*, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Glossar. to Rob. of Glocester, Artic. BEHETT; others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used *excellently well* by Thomas Norton, in his translation into Metre of the cxvith Psalm, ver. 14.

"I to the Lord will pay my vows
That I to him BEHIGHT,"

Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is *truly English*, from the Saxon), have most *unwarrantably* altered it thus,

"I to the Lord will pay my vows,
With joy and *great delight*." W.

Ibid. *hight.*] "In Cumberland they say to *hight*, for to *promise*, or *vow;* but HIGHT, usually signifies *was called;* and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland." HEARNE, ibid. W.

Ibid. *On parchment scraps*] In consideration of the many very accurate and very elegant editions, which Hearne published of our valuable old Chronicles, which shed such a light on English History, he ought not to have been so severely lashed as in these bitter lines. Every year gives a greater value to these books and these editions of Hearne; as well as to his Livy and Pliny's Epistles.

A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

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Ver. 197 in the first Edit. it was,

And proud Philosophy with breeches tore,
And English music with a dismal score.
Fast by in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind. W.

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Ver. 199. *Lo! Henley stands*, &c.] J. Henley the Orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our Author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, No. 1, published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him. "He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own Parish school he went to St. John's College in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it *shock'd* him to find he was *commanded to believe* against his own judgment in points of Religion, Philosophy, &c. for his genius leading him freely to *dispute all propositions and call all points to account*, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind——Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not *necessary to conform to the Christian religion*, in order either to *Deaconship*, or *Priesthood*." He came to town, and, after having for some years been a writer for Booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of state. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because *he was not qualified to be a complete Spanicl*." However, he offered the service of his pen to two

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson, preach in vain.
Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!

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great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled himself the *Restorer of ancient Eloquence.* He thought "it as lawful to take a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as another; at Hicks's-Hall, as at Doctors Commons; so set up his Oratory in Newport-market, Butcher-row. There (says his friend) he had the *assurance* to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of: he had success against all opposition: challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and *none would dispute* with him: writ, read, and studied, twelve hours a day: composed three dissertations a week on all subjects: undertook to teach in *one year* what schools and Universities teach in *five;* was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the *Church,* and *all that* in *danger.*" Welsted, Narrative in Orat. Transact. No. 1.

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room! where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the *Primitive Eucharist.*— This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers: the device, a Star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had a hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor. W.

Ver. 204. *Sherlock, Hare, Gibson,*] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London: whose Sermons and Pastoral Letters did honour to their country as well as stations. *

In the former editions Kennet was named, not Sherlock. The sermons of the latter, though censured by Mr. Church, are master-

Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days.

Yet oh, my sons, a father's words attend
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend):
'Tis yours, a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One, dispense,
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
Content, each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives are given for you to hate.

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pieces of argument and eloquence. And his Discourses on Prophecy, and Trial of the Witnesses, are perhaps the best Defences of Christianity in our language.

Ver. 207. *Egypt's wise abodes,*]

" —— Qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colit." Juvenal.

Not one of whose superstitions equalled the gross absurdity of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. The Egyptian did not make the onion which he eat, and worshipped. The Bramins are shocked at this doctrine, and challenge our missionaries to produce any opinion so absurd from their Vedam.

Ver. 212. Of *Toland* and *Tindal*, see Book ii. *Thomas Woolston* was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c. W.

Ver. 219. *Content, each*] These four lines are perhaps the most obscure of any in our poet's writings.

Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, " Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God."
Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole
Half through the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what Dulness and her Sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)
And look'd, and saw a sable Sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:

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Ver. 231. *His head*] Here is some obscurity. Whose head? *He* is not sufficient; we do not at first perceive it was Cibber. It is a fault in many, even good writers, not to repeat the substantive intended. I must repeat, that it is the faults of good writers only, that are worth noticing.

Ver. 232. *Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd*] Mr. Cibber tell us, in his Life, p. 149, that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, " If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d——d.—And (says Mr. Cibber) I make it a question, whether Alexander himself, or Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine." W.

Ver. 233. *a sable Sorc'rer*] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Playhouses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagances in the sixteen lines following were introduced

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Ver. 224.—*Learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.*]

" Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."
Virg. W.

All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth:
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;

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on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time. W.

The sixteen following lines contain some of the most forcible and lively descriptions any where to be found; and are a perfect pattern of a clear picturesque style.

Ver. 237. *Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth;*] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine. W.

These absurdities were indeed brought on the stage by Tibbald—but not by Cibber; who again and again disclaimed and despised them, as may be seen in various passages of his apology. It is therefore unjust to charge him with favouring and promoting such spectacles; which for a long time he resisted, and was forced, very unwillingly, to gratify by them the depraved appetite of the Public; of which he much and loudly complains.

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Ver. 244. *And other planets*]

"—— solemque *suum*, *sua* sidera norunt"——
Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

Ver. 246. *Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;*]

"Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum."
Hor. W.

And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought!
Son; what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find
Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red light'ning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.

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Ver. 248. *Lo! one vast Egg*] In another of these Farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage out of a large Egg. W.

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Ver. 251. *Son; what thou seek'st is in thee!*]

"Quod petis in te est——
——Ne te quæsiveris extra." Pers. W.

Ver. 256. *Wings the red light'ning*, &c.] Like Salmoneus in Æneid. vi.

"Dum flammas Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
——nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum cursu simularat equorum." W.

Ver. 258. *—o'er all unclassic ground:*] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verse, in the praises of Italy:

"Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground."

As ver. 264, is a parody on a noble one of the same author in The Campaign; and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y. W.

Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;

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After ver. 274 in the former Edit. followed,

> For works like these let deathless Journals tell
> "None but thyself can be thy parallel." W.

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Ver. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, Master of the Theatre Royal in Covent-garden, was the first that excelled this way. W.

Ver. 266. *New wizards*] Yet it is plain from many passages in Cibber's Life, that he despised these fooleries and abuses of the stage; and there are many other passages in his Life strongly written to the same purpose. Neither Booth nor Cibber ever degraded themselves to the appearances mentioned in the two next lines. They were joint managers of the Drury-lane Theatre.

Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,

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After ver. 284 in the former Edit. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race. W.

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Ver. 282. *Annual trophies*, on the Lord-mayor's day; and *monthly wars* in the Artillery-ground. W.

Of late years the city militia has been put on a more respectable footing.

Ver. 283. *Tho' long my Party*] Settle, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the *Character* of a *popish successor*, but afterward printed his *Narrative* on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army, at Hounslow-heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew-fair, where, in the droll called *St. George for England*, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter-house, and there died, aged sixty years. W.

Ver. 290. *The needy Poet*] Read the following excellent account of the state of modern authors, by one who knew them well:

Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.

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"It is not now, as in former times, when men studied long, and passed through the severities of discipline, and the probation of public trials, before they presumed to think themselves qualified for instructors of their countrymen. There is found a nearer way to fame and erudition, and the enclosures of literature are thrown open to every man whom idleness disposes to loiter, or whom pride inclines to set himself in view. The sailor publishes his journal; the farmer writes the process of his annual labour: he that succeeds in his trade thinks his wealth a proof of his understanding, and boldly tutors the public: he that fails, considers his miscarriage as the consequence of a capacity too great for the business of a shop, and amuses himself in the Fleet, with writing or translating. The last century imagined, that a man composing in his chariot was an object of curiosity; but how much would the wonder have been increased, by a footman studying behind it! There is now no class of men without its authors, from the peer to the thresher; nor can the sons of literature be confined any longer to Grub-street or Moorfields; they are spread over all the town, and all the country, and fill every stage of habitation, from the cellar to the garret.

"It is well known, that the price of commodities must always fall as the quantity is increased, and that no trade can allow its professors to be multiplied beyond a certain number. The great misery of writers proceeds from their multitude. We easily perceive that in a nation of clothiers, no man could have any cloth to make but for his own back; that in a community of bakers every man must use his own bread; and what can be the case of a nation of authors, but that every man must be content to read his book to himself? For surely it is in vain to hope, that of men labouring at the same occupation, any will prefer the work of his neighbour to his own; yet this expectation, wild as it is, seems to be indulged by many of the writing race; and therefore it can be no wonder that, like all other men who suffer their minds to form inconsiderate hopes, they are harassed and dejected with frequent disappointments.

"If I were to form an adage of misery, or fix the lowest point to which humanity could fall, I should be tempted to name the

Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,
And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway:

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Ver. 295. *Safe in its heaviness,* &c.] In the former Edit.

Too safe in inborn heaviness to stray;
And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thy Dragons, Magistrates, and Peers, shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last.
Till raised from booths, &c. W.

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life of an author. Many universal comparisons there are by which misery is expressed. We talk of a man teased like a bear at the stake, tormented like a toad under a harrow, or hunted like a dog with a stick tied to his tail: all these are indeed states of uneasiness; but what are they to the life of an author! Of an author worried by critics, tormented by his bookseller, and hunted by his creditors. Yet such must be the case of many among the retailers of knowledge, while they continue thus to swarm over the land; and whether it be by propagation or contagion, produce new writers to heighten the general distress, to increase confusion, and hasten famine."

Ver. 297. *Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier, taste,*] It stood in the first edition with blanks, ** *and* **. Concanen was sure, "they must needs mean nobody but *King GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE;* and said he would insist it was so, till the Poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his *Allegiance.*" Pref. to a Collection of verses, essays, letters, &c. against Mr. P. printed for A. Moor, p. 6. W.

Ver. 301. *Already Opera*] The Italian Opera is said to owe

Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And scream thyself, as none e'er scream'd before!
To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend:
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grub-street! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.

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its origin to a sacred drama, entitled, Conversione de S. Paölo, set to music by Francisco Beverini, a most celebrated composer at that time, and represented before Cardinal Riario, nephew to Pope Sixtus IV. in the Carnival Season of 1480. This was followed by another at the Carnival at Venice, 1485. But in this latter drama, was a mixture of comic characters, lawyers, physicians, ladies, servants, merchants, &c. though on a serious subject, and entitled, La Verita Raminga.

Ver. 305. *Polypheme*] He translated the Italian Opera of Polifemo; but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his *name*, who tells him his name is *Noma:* after his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: they inquire *who has hurt him?* he answers *Noman;* whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pun-ology*. W.

Ver. 308, 309. *Faustus, Pluto,* &c.] Names of miserable Farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience. W.

Ver. 312. *ensure it but* for *Fire.*] In Tibbald's Farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other playhouse had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in shewing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus. W.

Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.

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Ver. 313. *Another Æschylus appears!*] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried. W.

On mentioning this abortive attempt of Tibbald to translate the Prometheus, one cannot forbear thinking of the spirited and faithful translation which Mr. Potter has given us of this great Father of the Greek Tragedy.

Ver. 315. *like Semele's,*] See Ovid. Met. iii. W.

It seems strange, that a writer of Congreve's good and classical taste should choose Semele for the subject of a drama, where the catastrophe is so very absurd: the stage direction in the last act is—"As the cloud which contains Jupiter is arrived just over the canopy of Semele, a sudden and great flash of lightning breaks forth, and a clap of loud thunder is heard; when at one instant Semele, with the palace, and the whole scene, disappears, and Jupiter reascends swiftly." It was with justice he took, for a motto to his Opera, these words of Seneca—"A natura discedimus, populo nos damus, nullius rei bono auctori, & in hac re, sicut in omnibus, inconstantissimo." I wonder Pope mentioned the story of Semele, as his friend Congreve had introduced it on the stage.

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Ver. 319, 320. *This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes: Th' Augustus,* &c.]

"Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam" —— Virg. Æneid. vi.

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned book i. ver. 26. W.

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays!
On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for Wit!
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:

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Ver. 323. *See, see, our own,* &c.] In the former Edit.

Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benson sole Judge of Architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!
I see, th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome,
Proceed, great days, &c. W.

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Ver. 325. *On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W—m Benson (Surveyer of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their House and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the earl of Sunderland, then secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the crown for above fifty years, who built most of the Churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years. W.

Ver. 326. *Ambrose Philips*] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) one

While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, 330

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of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace:" but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland; and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him *quite on the same foot with Virgil;* lest it should *seem* flattery: but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a *greater esteem* than he *at present enjoys.*" He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an *Enemy to the government;* and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called the *Examiner:* a falsehood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it. W.

He proceeded to grosser insults, says Dr. Johnson, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope, who appears to be extremely exasperated. It was an honour to Philips to be joined with so excellent a prelate as Dr. Boulter in writing the Freethinker; who, when he was made Primate of Ireland, did not forgot the companion of his labours, but took him to Ireland as partaker of his fortune; and making him his secretary, added such preferments as enabled him to represent the country of Armagh in parliament.

Ver. 328. *While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:*] At the time when this poem was written, the Banqueting-house of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent-garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset-house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent-garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this Kingdom. W.

Ver. 329. *While Wren*] "The length of his life enriched the reigns of several princes, and disgraced the last of them. A variety of knowledge proclaims the universality, a multiplicity of

Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

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Ver. 331 in the former Editions thus,

———O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following Note: "He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey;* in which Mr. Broome having engaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr. Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the small sum of *Five hundred pounds*, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him subscribers, to the value of *One hundred more*. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in Translation at all." W.

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works the abundance, St. Paul's the greatest, of Sir Christopher's genius. The noblest temple, the largest palace, the most sumptuous hospital, in such a kingdom as Britain, are all works of the same hand. He restored London, and recorded its fall. I do not mean to be very minute in the account of Wren, even as an architect. Every circumstance of his story has been written and repeated. Bishop Sprat, Anthony Wood, Ward in his Lives of the Gresham Professors, the General Dictionary, and the New Description of London and its Environs, books in the hands of every body, are voluminous on the article of Sir Christopher. In 1680 he was chosen President of the Royal-Society; was in two parliaments; was twice married; had two sons and a daughter; and died in 1723, at the age of ninety-one, having lived to see the completion of St. Paul's; a fabric, and an event, which one cannot wonder left such an impression of content on the mind of the good old man, that, being carried to see it once a year, it seemed to recall a memory that was almost deadened to every other use. He was buried under his own fabric, with four words that comprehend his merit and his fame: "Si quæras monumentum, circumspice!" Walpole's Anecdotes, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 163.

Ver. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd*, &c.] See Mr. Gay's fable of

Proceed, great days! till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,

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the *Hare and many friends.* This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables; and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble: That verse of Horace,

" Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was at last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published; and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the Nobility and people, which the great Critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* W.

The Dutchess of Queensberry was forbid to appear at Court, on account of her patronising Mr. Gay, on which occasion she sent the following reply to King George II.

Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play, 335
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,

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"Thursday, Feb. 27, 1728.

"That the Dutchess of Queensberry is surprized, and well pleased, that the King hath given her so agreeable a command as to stay from Court, where she never came for diversion, but to bestow a great civility upon the King and Queen. She hopes by such an unprecedented order as this, that the King will see as few as he wishes at his court (particularly such as dare think or speak the truth). I dare not do otherwise, and ought not; nor could I have imagined that it would not have been the highest compliment that I could possibly pay the King, to endeavour to support truth and innocence in his house; particularly when the King and Queen had both told me that they had not read Mr. Gay's play. I have certainly done right then to stand to my own word, rather than his Grace of Grafton's, who hath neither made use of truth, judgment, or honour, through this whole affair, either for himself or his friends.

"C. QUEENSBERRY."

What follows was written by her Grace at the bottom of the copies of the above answer, which she gave to her particular friends.

"This is the answer I gave in writing to the Vice Chamberlain to read to the King, in answer to the message he brought me from the King to refrain coming to court."

Ver. 331. *Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;*] See book i. ver. 26. W.

Ver. 332. *And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.*] The author here plainly laments that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The Edition of Shakspeare (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the Scenery, &c. and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725. W.

Ver. 333. *Proceed, great days!* &c.] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such *weak Instruments* as

Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils sport,
And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port!
Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And through the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies. 340

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After ver. 338 in the first Edit. were the following lines,

Then when these signs declare the mighty year,
When the dull stars roll round and reappear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread Pow'r shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were day;
To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal Darkness cover all. W.

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have been [hitherto] described in our poem: but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these Instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single *Water-Rat*.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the Diligence of our Schools, from the Regularity of our Universities, the Discernment of our Great men, the Accomplishments of our Nobility, the Encouragement of our Patrons, and the Genius of our Writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each), may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory Gate, he expressly, in the language of Poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. Scribl.

Ibid. *Proceed, great days!* &c.—*Till Birch shall blush*, &c.] Another great prophet of Dulness, on this side Styx, promiseth those days to be near at hand. "The Devil (saith he) licensed Bishops to license Masters of Schools to instruct youth in the knowledge of the heathen Gods, their religion, &c. The Schools and Universities will soon be tired and ashamed of Classics, and such trumpery."——Hutchinson's Use of Reason recovered. Scribl. *

Ver. 339. *Enough! enough!*] "The Dunciad (says Mr. Clarke to Mr. Bowyer) is not so much the common-place, as the

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common-shore of Pope's resentments, where they run off, and are like to do so, for life." Letters, p. 562. ——What are the sensations of a man after reading Gray's Odes and Elegy, and after he has been reading the Dunciad?

Ver. 340. *And through the Iv'ry Gate*] See what the truly learned Jortin has said in his Sixth Dissertation on the subject of this Iv'ry Gate. This Sixth Dissertation very unfortunately produced a Seventh, on the Delicacy of Friendship, which it must be lamented was ever published.

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Ver. 340. *And through the Iv'ry Gate*, &c.]

" Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes."
Virg. Æneid. vi. W.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

When the first complete and correct edition of the Dunciad was published in quarto, 1729, it consisted of three books; and had for its hero Tibbald, a cold, plodding, and tasteless writer and critic, who, with great propriety, was chosen, on the death of Settle, by the Goddess of Dulness, to be the chief instrument of that great work which was the subject of the poem; namely, "the introduction (as our author expresses it) of the lowest diversions of the rabble of Smithfield, to be the entertainment of the court and town; the action of the Dunciad being the removal of the imperial seat of Dulness from the city to the polite world; as that of the Æneid is the removal of the empire of Troy to Latium." This was the primary subject of the piece. Our author adds, "As Homer, singing only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our poet hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children. To this end, she is represented, at the very opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are distinguished into these three kinds, party-writers, dull poets, and wild critics. A person must be fixed upon to support this action, who (to agree with the design) must be such a one as is capable of being all three. This phantom in the poet's mind must have a name. He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the journals, written bad plays or poems, and published low criticisms. He finds his name to be Tibbald, and he becomes of course the hero of the poem."

This design is carried on, in the first book, by a description of the Goddess fixing her eye on Tibbald; who, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, is represented as sitting pensively in his study, and apprehending the period of her empire, from the old age of the present monarch Settle; and also by an account of a sacrifice he makes of his unsuccessful works; of the Goddess's revealing herself to him, announcing the death of Settle that night, anointing and proclaiming him successor. It is carried on in the second book, by a description of the various games instituted in honour of the new king, in which booksellers, poets, and critics, contend. This design is, lastly, completed in the third book, by the Goddess's transporting the new king to her temple, laying him in a deep slumber on her lap, and conveying him in a vision to the banks of Lethe, where he meets with the ghost of his predecessor Settle; who, in a speech that begins at line 35, to almost the end of the book, shews him the past triumphs of the

empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: enumerating particularly by what aids, and by what persons, Great Britain shall be forthwith brought to her empire, and prophesying how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, shows; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the theatres: then, how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences; till in conclusion, all shall return to their original chaos. On hearing which,

> Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
> And through the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies.

With which words, the design above recited being perfected, the poem concludes. Thus far all was clear, consistent, and of a piece: and was delivered in such nervous and spirited versification, that the delighted reader had only to lament that so many poetical beauties were thrown away on such dirty and despicable subjects, as were the scribblers here proscribed; who appear like monsters preserved in the most costly spirits. But in the year 1742, our poet was persuaded by Dr. Warburton, unhappily enough, to add a fourth book to his finished piece, of such a very different cast and colour, as to render it at last one of the most motley compositions, that perhaps is any where to be found in the works of so exact a writer as Pope. For one great purpose of this fourth book (where, by the way, the hero does nothing at all) was to satirize and proscribe infidels and freethinkers, to leave the ludicrous for the serious, Grub-street for theology, the mock-heroic for metaphysics: which occasioned a marvellous mixture and jumble of images and sentiments, pantomine and philosophy, journals and moral evidence, Fleet-ditch and the High Priori road, Curl and Clarke.—To ridicule our petulant libertines, and affected minute philosophers, was doubtless a most laudable intention; but speaking of the Dunciad as a work of art, in a critical not a religious light, I must venture to affirm, that the subject of this fourth book was foreign and heterogeneous, and the addition of it as injudicious, ill-placed, and incongruous, as any of those dissimilar images we meet with in Pulci or Ariosto. It is like introducing a crucifix into one of Teniers's burlesque conversation-pieces. Some of his most splendid and striking lines are indeed here to be found; but I must beg leave to insist, that they want propriety and decorum, and must wish they had adorned some separate work against irreligion, which would have been worthy the pen of our bitter and immortal satirist.

But neither was this the only alteration the Dunciad was

destined to undergo. For in the year 1743, our Author, enraged with Cibber (whom he had usually treated with contempt ever since the affair of Three Hours after Marriage) for publishing a ridiculous pamphlet against him, dethroned Tibbald, and made the laureat the hero of his poem. Cibber, with a great stock of levity, vanity, and affectation, had sense, and wit, and humour: and the author of the Careless Husband, was by no means a proper king of the dunces. "His treatise on the stage (says Mr. Walpole) is inimitable: where an author writes on his own profession, feels it profoundly, and is sensible his readers do not, he is not only excusable, but meritorious, for illuminating the subject by new metaphors, on bolder figures than ordinary. He is the coxcomb that sneers, not he that instructs by appropriated diction." The consequence of this alteration was, that many lines, which exactly suited the heavy character of Tibbald, lost all their grace and propriety when applied to Cibber. Such as,

Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!

Such also is the description of his Gothic library, for Cibber troubled not himself with Caxton, Wynkyn, and De Lyra. Tibbald, who was an antiquarian, had collected these curious old writers: and to slumber in the Goddess's lap was adapted to his stupidity, not to the vivacity of his successor.

On the whole, the chief fault of the Dunciad, is the violence and vehemence of its satire, and the excessive height to which it is carried; and which therefore I may compare to that marvellous column of boiling water, near Mount Hecla in Iceland, thrown upwards, above ninety feet, by the force of a subterraneous fire. What are the impressions left upon the mind after the perusal of this poem? Contempt, aversion, vexation, and anger. No sentiments that enlarge, ennoble, move, or mend, the heart! Insomuch that I know a person, whose name would be an ornament to these papers, if I was suffered to insert it, who, after reading a book of the Dunciad, always soothes himself, as he calls it, by turning to a canto in the Fairy Queen. This is not the case in that very delightful and beautiful poem, Mac Fleckno, from which Pope has borrowed so many hints, and images, and ideas. But Dryden's poem was the offspring of contempt, and Pope's of indignation; one is full of mirth, and the other of malignity. A vein of pleasantry is uniformly preserved through the whole of Mac Fleckno, and the piece begins and ends in the same key. It is natural and obvious to borrow a metaphor from music, when we are speaking of a poem whose versification is particularly and

exquisitely sweet and harmonious. The numbers of the Dunciad, by being much laboured, and encumbered with epithets, have something in them of stiffness and harshness. Since the total decay of learning and genius was foretold in the Dunciad, how many very excellent pieces of Criticism, Poetry, History, Philosophy, and Divinity, have appeared in this country, and to what a degree of perfection has almost every art, either useful or elegant, been carried!

THE

DUNCIAD.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion *of the* Prophecies *mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new* Invocation; *as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy* Order *and* Science, *and to substitute the* Kingdom of the Dull *upon earth. How she leads captive the* Sciences, *and silenceth the* Muses; *and* what *they be who succeed in their stead. All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half-wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the* Geniuses *of the* Schools, *who assure her of their care to advance her Cause by confining Youth to* Words, *and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The* Universities *appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of* Education. *The speech of* Aristarchus *on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen returned from* Travel *with their* Tutors; *one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their* Travels; *presenting to her at the same*

time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame. *She sees loitering about her a number of* Indolent Persons *abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to these approaches the Antiquary* Annius, *entreating her to make them* Virtuosos, *and assign them over to him: but* Mummius, *another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents: amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the* Indolents *before mentioned, in the study of* Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. *but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond* Trifles, *to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the* Minute Philosophers *and* Free-thinkers, *one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of* Silenus; *and then admitted to taste the Cup of the* Magus *her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her Adepts she sends* Priests, Attendants, *and* Comforters, *of various kinds; confers on them* Orders *and* Degrees; *and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his* Privileges, *and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a* Yawn *of extraordinary virtue: the Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the Restoration of* Night *and* Chaos, *conclude the Poem.*

BOOK IV.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.

REMARKS.

The DUNCIAD, Book IV.] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size, but in subject: and so far, contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work to be in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of *Homer*, as *Barnes* hath affirmed. Bentl. P.

Ver. 1, &c. This is an invocation of much Piety. The Poet, willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high respect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dead or dark soever: next declareth his passion for explaining Mysteries; and lastly his Impatience to be *reunited* to her. Scribl. P. *

It was thought improper to omit the many notes in this fourth book, marked P. * because they were the joint work of Pope and Warburton; and nothing of Mr. Pope's ought to be lost. The first sixteen lines are particularly elevated and strong. And yet the expression in the third line, "so much be lent," is somewhat harsh and forced.

Ver. 2. *dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem. P. *

Ver. 4. *half to shew, half veil the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves*, or imperfectly. Scribl. P. *

I understand it very differently; the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent;* there were in it *Mysteries*, or ἀπόῤῥητα,

Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend awhile your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:

REMARKS.

which he durst not fully reveal; and doubtless in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

—" more is meant than meets the ear." Bentl. P

Ver. 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,*] Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place.) For sure, in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast towards oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done: for when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz. *Pindar, Luis Gongora, Ronsard, Oldham,* Lyrics; *Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore,* Heroics; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his Life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse his work is, and the more remote its beauties from common understanding, the more it is our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on *dark* and *uncouth* Authors, and even on their *darker* Fragments: have preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and have chosen rather to turn the dark Lantern of LYCOPHRON, than to trim the everlasting Lamp of *Homer*. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 7. *Force inertly strong,*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiæ of Matter*, which, though it really be no Power, is yet the foundation of the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance. P. *

Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mould,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.
She mounts the Throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines.

REMARKS.

Ver. 14. *To blot out* Order, *and extinguish* Light,] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals: *Light*, as intellectual only; Wit, Science, Arts. P. *

Ver. 15. *Of dull and venal*] The Allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science; *venal* to the destruction of Order, or the truth of things. P. *

Ibid. *a new World*] in reference to the Epicurean opinion, that from the dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise: this the Poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles. P. *

Ver. 16. Lead *and* Gold.] *i. e.* dull and venal. P. *

Ver. 18. *all below reveal'd,*] It was the opinion of the Ancients that the Divinities manifested themselves to men by their *Backparts*. Virg. Æneid. i. *et* avertens, *rosea cervice refulsit*. But this passage may admit of another exposition.——Vet. Adag. *The higher you climb, the more you shew your A*———. Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring. Emblematized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. Scribl. P. *

Ver 20. *her Laureat son reclines.*] With great judgment is it imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep upon the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing; having passed through the second book without taking part in any thing that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this,

Beneath her footstool, *Science* groans in Chains,
And *Wit* dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains.
There foam'd rebellious *Logic*, gagg'd and bound,
There, stript, fair *Rhet'ric* languish'd on the ground;

REMARKS.

well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-consorts* have done the like. Scribl. P. *

" When I find my Name in the satirical works of this Poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that *my Face* is more *known* than most in the nation; and therefore *a Lick at the Laureat* will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers." Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii. W.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *Lick at the Laureat?* Bentl. P.

Surely it is not right that the hero should take no part in any thing that was transacted about him in the second book; and that in the third book he should be in a profound sleep.

Ver. 21, 22. *Beneath her footstool*, &c.] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away; *Dulness* being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something *like* each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c. but nothing like Wit, *Opera* alone supplying its place. P. *

Though there are many passages in this fourth book of great splendour and spirit, yet there are many also that are disjointed, ununiform, and obscure; occasioned by their being taken from materials and fragments of a work he once designed to write, on True and False Learning. In the very same proportion that he was peculiarly happy and judicious in the fine additions he made to his Rape of the Lock, he was unfortunate and foiled in the additions he made to his Dunciad.

His blunted Arms by *Sophistry* are borne,
And shameless *Billingsgate* her Robes adorn.
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
Chicane in Furs, and *Casuistry* in Lawn,
Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.
Mad *Máthesis* alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the Circle, finds its square.
But held in tenfold bonds the *Muses* lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:

REMARKS.

Ver. 30. *gives her* Page *the word.*] There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came in his way; of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage——Though the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling State Criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*. A practice more decent than that of *our Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 31. *Mad* Máthesis] Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles concerning the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, &c. P. *

Is it allowable to make the second syllable of Mathesis short? though Prudentius indeed has done so.

Ver. 34. *running round the* Circle, *finds its square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the circle*. P. *

Ver. 36. *Watch'd both by* Envy's *and by* Flatt'ry's *eye.*] One of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Act* for subjecting *Plays* to the power of a *Licenser*, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to Merit, or made their court to Greatness, by perverting general reflections against Vice into Libels on particular Persons P. *

There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her sister Satire held her head:
Nor couldst thou, CHESTERFIELD! a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by,
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:

REMARKS.

Ver. 43. *Nor couldst thou*, &c.] This Noble Person, in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. *Cibber*), "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the Noble Author and myself, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages. Bentl. P. *

Ver. 45. *When lo! a Harlot form*] The Attitude given to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian* Opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance, that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304.

"Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway." P. *

Our author had not seen the charming Dramas of Metastasio; who is indeed a very fine tragic poet; the plans of some of his pieces are conducted with the truest art and judgment, which can

Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
By singing peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.
O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign:

REMARKS.

not be surprising to those who know that this enchanting writer has been excelled by few moderns in genius and in learning. Hear a very serious philosopher asserting, "that nothing can be more deeply affecting than the interesting scenes of the serious Opera; when to good poetry and good music, to the Poetry of Metastasio and the music of Pergolese, is added the execution of a good actor." Essays of Adam Smith, p. 159.

See also p. 167, of the Musical Imitations in the same work.

Voltaire thinks more highly of the opera than Pope:

"Ou les beaux vers, la danse, la musique,
L'art de tromper les yeux par les couleures,
L'art plus heureux de seduire les cœurs;
De cent plaisirs font un plaisir unique."

If Pope therefore had lived to read the operas of Metastasio, he would probably have altered his opinion of this species of poetry. And he seems to have not been acquainted with those of Quinault; or perhaps took his opinion concerning them from Boileau. Some are far above love stories; see the incantations of Medea; the opening of Pluto; the speeches of Medusa, Ceres, and Alceste.

Ver. 54. *let Division reign:*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks with Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a great number of Hands,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]

Joy to great Cæsar—The beginning of a famous old Song. W.

Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *Encore*.
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense:
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;

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and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced for want of Composers to practise the patch-work above mentioned. P. *

This subject is treated with accuracy and taste in Avison's Essay on Musical Expression; and the superiority of Expression to execution, insisted on and demonstrated.

Ver. 55. *Chromatic tortures*] The judicious and elegant author of the General History of Music has given us accurate accounts of every species of this art, and enriched his work with a variety of curious particulars concerning it, unknown before.

Ver. 61. *thy own* Phœbus, *reigns*,]

"Tuus jam regnat Apollo." Virg.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 65. *Giant Handel*] The honour paid to this truly sublime genius, by the repeated performances of his noblest works at

To stir, to rouse, to shake the Soul, he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide, by sure Attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of Head:

REMARKS.

Westminster-Abbey, under the patronage of the King, will not soon be forgotten. The magnificence and accuracy of which performances were beyond compare. It is remarkable, that in the earlier part of his life, Pope was so very insensible to the charms of music, that he once asked his friend Dr. Arbuthnot, who had a fine ear, "whether, at Lord Burlington's concerts, the rapture which the company expressed upon hearing the compositions and performance of Handel, did not proceed wholly from affectation?"

Dr. Burney observes, v. i. p. 329, that both Dryden and my friend Pitt, have inaccurately and improperly translated the passage of Virgil, b. 6, relating to Orpheus, v. 645.

"Obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum."

Ver. 71. *Fame's posterior Trumpet*] *Posterior*, viz. her *second* or *more certain* Report: unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras:*

"She blows not both with the same Wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame." P. *

Ver. 75. *None need a* guide,—*None want a* place,] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: they are their ownmasters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and Introducers into all places. P. *

None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen.
  The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak Rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
  Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal;
Or impious, preach his Word without a call.

REMARKS.

Ver. 76 to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are represented in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third of such as, though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronising vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101. P. *

Ver. 93. *false to* Phœbus] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus;* not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. Scribl. P. *

Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head;
Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown;
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown.
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lilly sunk beneath a show'r.
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:
But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by:

REMARKS.

Ver. 94. *his Word without a call.*] We might have expected an objection to this expression from Dr. Warburton.

Ver. 99, 100.

And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite.]

In this division are reckoned up, 1. The Idolizers of Dulness in the Great—2. Ill Judges—3. Ill Writers—4. Ill Patrons. But the *last and worst*, as he justly calls him, is the *Muse's Hypocrite*, who is, as it were, the Epitome of them all. He who thinks the only end of poetry is to amuse, and the only business of the poet to be witty; and consequently who cultivates only such trifling talents in himself, and encourages only such in others. *

Ver. 103. *Narcissus, prais'd*] Means Dr. Middleton's laboured encomium on Lord Harvey in his dedication of the Life of Cicero. Had Mr. Pope ever read Dr. Warburton's dedication of his Essay on Prodigies, to Sir Robert Sutton?

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 114. "What! no respect, he cried, for SHAKSPEARE's page?"

REMARKS.

Ver. 110. *bold* Benson] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of *Milton*; and afterward by as great passion for one *Arthur Johnston*, a *Scotch* Physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325. P. *

Ver. 112. *Milton's on this,*] Benson is here spoken of too contemptuously. He translated faithfully, if not very poetically, the second book of the Georgics, with useful notes; he printed elegant editions of Johnston's Psalms; he wrote a Discourse on Versification; he rescued his country from the disgrace of having no monument erected to the memory of Milton in Westminster Abbey; he encouraged and urged Pitt to translate the Æneid; and he gave Dobson a thousand pounds for his Latin translation of Paradise Lost. Dobson had acquired great reputation by his translation of Prior's Solomon, the first book of which he finished when he was a scholar at Winchester College. He had not at that time, as he told me (for I knew him well), read Lucretius, which would have given a richness and force to his verses; the chief fault of which was a monotony, and want of variety of Virgilian pauses. Mr. Pope wished him to translate the Essay on Man; which he began to do, but relinquished on account of the impossibility of imitating its brevity in another language. He has avoided the monotony above mentioned in his Milton; which monotony was occasioned by translating a poem in rhyme. Bishop Hare, a capable judge, used to mention his Solomon as one of the purest pieces of modern Latin poetry. Though he had so much felicity in translating, yet his original poems, of which I have seen many, were very feeble and flat, and contained no mark of genius. He had no great stock of general literature, and was

But (happy for him as the times went then) 115
Appear'd Apollo's Mayor and Aldermen,

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by no means qualified to pronounce on what degree of learning Pope possessed; and I am surprised that Johnson should quote him, as saying, "I found Pope had more learning than I expected."

Ver. 113. *The decent* Knight] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author *at his own expense.* P. *

Ver. 115. *But (happy for him]* These four lines, of which the first is a very indifferent one, were not in the quarto edition of 1743, page 165: but were added on occasion of Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition, printed at Oxford in six large quarto volumes: which edition occasioned a violent quarrel betwixt Sir Thomas and Dr. Warburton, of which the reader may judge by perusing the two curious letters here annexed.

"Milden-hall near Newmarket,
"Dear Sir, Suffolk, October 28, 1742.

"I have much doubted with myself whether it were proper for me to return an answer to the favour of your letter, till after hearing again from you or Dr. Shippen. There seem to arise some difficulties with respect to the design of printing a new edition of Shakspeare, and I beg it may be laid aside, if you are not fully satisfied, that some advantage may arise from it to the university; for I have no end in view to myself to make me desire it. I am satisfied there is no edition coming or likely to come from Warburton, but it is a report raised to serve some little purpose or other, of which I see there are many on foot. I have reason to know that gentleman is very angry with me, for a cause of which I think I have no reason to be ashamed, or he to be proud. My acquaintance with him began upon an application from himself, and at his request the present bishop of Salisbury introduced him to me for this purpose only, as was then declared, that as he had many observations upon Shakspeare then lying by him, over and above those printed in Theobald's book, he much desired to communicate them to me, that I might judge whether any of them were worthy to be added to those emendations, which he understood I had been long making upon that author. I received

On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.

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his offer with all the civility I could: upon which a long correspondence began by letters, in which he explained his sense upon many passages, which sometimes I thought just, but mostly wild and out of the way. Afterward he made a journey hither on purpose to see my books; he staid about a week with me, and had the inspection of them: and all this while I had no suspicion of any other design, in all the pains he took, but to perfect a correct text in Shakspeare, of which he seemed very fond. But not long after, the views of interest began to shew themselves, several hints were dropt of the advantage he might receive from publishing the work thus corrected; but as I had no thoughts at all of making it public, so I was more averse to yield to it in such a manner as was likely to produce a paltry edition, by making it the means only of getting a greater sum of money by it. Upon this, he flew into a great rage, and there is an end of the story; with which I have thought it best to make you acquainted, that, as you mention the working of his friends, you may judge the better of what you see and hear from them, and may make what use you please of the truth of facts, which I have now laid before you.

"As to my own particular, I have no aim to pursue in this affair: I propose neither honour, reward, or thanks, and should be very well pleased to have the books continue upon their shelf, in my own private closet. If it is thought they may be of use or pleasure to the public, I am willing to part with them out of my hands, and to add, for the honour of Shakspeare, some decorations and embellishments at my own expense. It will be an unexpected pleasure to me, if they can be made in any degree profitable to the university, to which I shall always retain a gratitude, a regard, and reverence; but that I may end as I began, I beg the favour of you, if upon more mature consideration among yourselves, you see reason to discourage you from proceeding in this affair, that you will give it over, and not look upon yourselves to be the more obliged to prosecute it from any steps already taken with,

"Sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

"THO. HANMER."

When Dulness, smiling—" Thus revive the wits!
But murder first, and mince them all to bits; 120

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The bishop's strictures on this charge, which were designed to be printed in the Biographia Britannica, if the sheet had not been cancelled, are as follow:

" Sir Thomas Hanmer's letter from Milden-hall to Oxford, Oct. 28, 1742, is one continued falsehood from beginning to end.

" It is false that my acquaintance with him began upon an application from me to him. It began on an application of the present bishop of London to me, in behalf of Sir T. Hanmer; and, as I understood, at Sir T. Hanmer's desire. The thing speaks itself. It was publicly known that I had written notes on Shakspeare, because part of them were printed; few people knew that Sir T. Hanmer had: I certainly did not know; nor, indeed, whether he was living or dead.

" The falsehood is still viler (because it sculks only under an insinuation) that I made a journey to him to Milden-hall, without invitation: whereas it was at his earnest and repeated request, as appears by his letters, which I have still by me.

" It is false that the views of interest began to shew themselves in me to this *disinterested gentleman*. My resentment at Sir Thomas H.'s behaviour began on the following occasion: a bookseller in London, of the best reputation, had wrote me word, that Sir Thomas Hanmer had been with him, to propose his printing an edition of Shakspeare on the following conditions; of its being pompously printed with cuts (as it afterward was at Oxford), at the expense of the said bookseller, who, besides, should pay one hundred guineas, or some such sum, to a friend of his (Sir T. Hanmer's), who had transcribed the *glossary* for him. But the bookseller, understanding that he made use of many of my notes, and that I knew nothing of the project, thought fit to send me this account. On which I wrote to Sir Th. Hanmer, upbraiding him with his behaviour, and demanding, out of his hands, all the letters I had written to him on the subject; which he unwillingly complied with, after cavilling about the right of property in those letters, for which he had, he said, paid the postage.

" When the bookseller would not deal with him on these terms, he applied to the university of Oxford; and was at the expense of his purse in procuring cuts for his edition; and at the

As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new Edition of old Æson gave;
Let standard Authors, thus, like trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the checker'd shade,
Admire new light through holes yourselves have made.
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own;

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expense of his reputation in employing a number of my emendations on the text, without my knowledge or consent: and this behaviour was what occasioned Mr. Pope's perpetuating the memory of the Oxford edition of Shakspeare in the *Dunciad.*

" This is a true and exact account of the whole affair, which I never thought worth while afterward to complain of, but to the bishop of London, at whose desire I lent Sir Thomas Hanmer my assistance: nor should ever have revived it, but for the publication of this scandalous letter, *sent from Oxford to this Philip Nichols,* to be inserted in the Biographia Britannica.

" Jan. 29, 1761. W. GLOUCESTER."

Ver. 119. " *Thus revive,* &c.] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished Writers; either by printing *Editions* of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, as in the former instances; or by setting up *Monuments* disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter. P. *

Ver. 122. *old* Æson] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

" Æson *miratur,*
Dissimilemque animum *subiit*"— P. *

Ver. 125. *the checker'd shade,*] An expression of Milton.

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Ver. 126. *Admire new light,* &c.]

" The Soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made."
Waller. W.

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,
A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side."
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first address.
Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.

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Ver. 128. *A Page, a Grave,*] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a Page can be afforded a living one? P. *

Pagina, not *Pedissequus.* A page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant; no Poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 131. *So by each Bard an Alderman,* &c.] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets,* Editio Westmonasteriensis. P. *

Alluding to the monument erected for Butler, the Author of *Hudibras,* by Alderman Barber. W.

Ver. 132. *A heavy* LORD *shall hang at ev'ry wit,* Aristarchus thinks the common reading LORD not LOAD right: and that the author himself had been struggling with, and but just shaken off his *Load,* when he wrote the following Epigram:

My LORD complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
" But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite,
" And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my right."
What! on Compulsion? and against my Will,
A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his Bill. *

The concluding line alludes to a famous one of Augustus Cæsar in some gross verses.—The Lord is said to be his next neighbour, the then Lord Radnor.

When lo! a spectre rose, whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake through all their Sons.
All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place:
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.
Then thus. "Since Man from beast by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.

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Ver. 148. *And holds his breeches*] An effect of Fear, somewhat like this, is described in the viith Æneid,

"Contremuit nemus———
Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos."

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful Senators (though so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *Master*. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 150. *Words we teach alone.*] Here is a gross misrepresentation of a fact, easily confuted by a great cloud of witnesses. When he made this assertion, our poet must have been very ill-informed of what is constantly taught in our great schools. To read, to interpret, to translate, the best poets, orators, and historians, of the best ages; that is, those authors, "that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, most examples

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Ver. 142. *Dropping with Infant's blood*, &c.]

"First Moloch, horrid King, besmear'd with blood
Of human Sacrifice, and parents' tears." Milton. W.

When reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Blind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain

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of virtue and integrity, most materials for conversation;" cannot be called confining youth to words alone, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. And as to plying the memory, and loading the brain, as in verse 157, it was the opinion of Milton, and is a practice in our great seminaries, "that if passages from the heroic poems, orations, and tragedies, of the ancients, were solemnly pronounced, with right accent and grace, they would endue the scholars even with the spirit and vigour of Demosthenes or Cicero, Euripides or Sophocles." The illustrious names of Wyndham, Talbot, Murray, and Pulteney, which our Author himself immediately adds, and which catalogue might be much enlarged with the names of many great statesmen, lawyers, and divines, past and present, are a strong confutation of this opprobrious and futile objection. Perhaps he adopted this false opinion from that idle book on education, which Locke disgraced himself by writing; who seems never to have read the second chapter of the first book of Quintilian on this subject; and which is as much superior in strength of reasoning, as it is in elegance of style, to the treatise of our great British philosopher.

Ver. 151. *like the Samian letter,*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice,

"Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit litera ramos." Pers. P.

Ver. 153. *Plac'd at the door,* &c.] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes,* where the Genius of Human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those just entering into life. Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς, ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων τι, οὗτος Δαίμον καλεῖται, &c. P. *

Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A Poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? a very Poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost!
Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Masterpiece of Man.

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Ver. 159. *to exercise the breath:*] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives. P. *

Ver. 162. *We hang one jingling padlock, &c.*] For youth being used like Pack-horses, and beaten under a heavy load of words lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the words jingle in rhyme or metre. *

This is a conceit equally false, frigid, and far-fetched.

Ver. 166. *in yonder* House *or* Hall.] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons.

Ver. 174. *that Masterpiece of Man*] Viz. an *Epigram.* The famous Dr. *South* used to declare, that a perfect Epigram was as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem. And the Critics say, "an Epic Poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of." P. *

Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again; 176

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Ver. 175. *Oh (cry'd the Goddess)*, &c.] The matter under debate, is how to confine men to words, for life. The instructors of youth shew how well they do their parts; but complain that when men come into the world they are apt to forget their learning, and turn themselves to useful knowledge. This was an evil that wanted to be redressed. And this the Goddess assures them will need a more extensive Tyranny than that of Grammar-schools. She therefore points out to them the remedy, in her wishes for *arbitrary Power*; whose interest it being to keep men from the study of *things*, will encourage the propagation of *words* and *sounds*; and, to make all sure, she wishes for another *Pedant Monarch*. The sooner to obtain so great a blessing, she is willing even for once to violate the fundamental principle of her politics, in having her sons taught at least *one thing*; but that which comprises all, the *Doctrine of Divine Right*.

Nothing can be juster than the observation here insinuated, that no branch of Learning thrives well under arbitrary Government but the *verbal*. The reasons are evident. It is unsafe under such Governments to cultivate the study of *things*, especially things of importance. Besides, when men have lost their public virtue, they naturally delight in trifles, if their private morals secure them from vice. Hence so great a cloud of Scholiasts and Grammarians so soon overspread Greece and Italy, when once those famous lights of the World had lost their Liberties. Another reason is, the *encouragement* which arbitrary Governments give to the study of *words*, in order to busy and amuse active Genuises, who might otherwise prove troublesome and inquisitive. Thus when Cardinal Richelieu had destroyed the poor remains of Gallic liberty, and made the supreme Court of Parliament merely *ministerial*, he instituted the *French Academy*, for the perfecting their language. What was said upon that occasion, by a brave Magistrate, when the letters patent of its erection came to be verified in the Parliament of Paris, deserves to be remembered: he told the assembly, that *it put him in mind how an Emperor of Rome once treated his Senate; who when he had deprived them of the direction of Public matters, sent a message to them in form, for their opinion about the best Sauce for a Turbot.*

Ver. 176. *Some gentle* JAMES, &c.] Wilson tells us that this

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone,
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.

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King, *James* the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transferred from *God* to *Him*. "The principles of Passive Obedience and Nonresistance (says the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8), which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old Homily, were talked, written, and preached, into vogue in that inglorious reign." P. *

King James prevailed on Camden to alter somepassages in the first part of his history, for which Thuanus reproached him.

Ver. 181, 182. *if Dulness sees a grateful Day,—'Tis in the shade* of Arbitrary Sway.] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian,

"nunquam *Libertas* gratior exstat
Quam sub *Rege pio*;"

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other, by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

"nunquam *Libertas* gratior exstat
Quam sub *Lege pia*,"

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: and therefore she might allude to it. Scribl.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: the genuine reading is *Libertas* and *Rege*: so Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the verb: it should be *exit*, not *exstat*, and then the meaning will

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Isis, preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong."
Prompt at the call, around the goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

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be, that Liberty was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good King: it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion mentioned above by Scriblerus, of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

"Nature, like *Monarchy*, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd."

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature, like* Liberty? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the Author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works. Bentl. P. *

Ver. 183. *O! if my sons may learn*] The doctrines of true Whiggism, as it is called, were never placed in a stronger light, or set off with more forcible language, than in this and the five following lines. What will the disciples of Hobbes or Filmer say to this passage?

Ver 189. *Prompt at the call,—Aristotle's friends.*] The Author, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt, at the call* of Dulness, to become preachers of the Divine Right of Kings, to be the *friends* of *Aristotle:* for this philosopher, in his *Politics*, hath laid it down as a principle, that some men were by nature made to serve, and others to command. *

Ver. 192. *of Aristotle's friends.*] Let those who wantonly and

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]
Each stauch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,

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ignorantly condemn the philosophy of Aristotle, carefully read the truly learned treatise of the late James Harris, esq. entitled, Philosophical Arrangements; where they may see in what manner the preceptor of Alexander the Great arranged his pupil's ideas, so that they might not cause confusion for want of accurate disposition.

Ver. 194. [*Tho' Christ-church*] This line is doubtless spurious and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have put it between Hooks. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its *proper Deputies*; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its *whole Body*. Bentl. P. *

Ver. 196. *still expelling* Locke,] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of *Oxford* to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last Edit. of his works. P.*

Such was the fate of this *new Philosophy* at Oxford. The *new Theology* of Erasmus met with pretty much the same treatment, a Century or two before, in the University of *Cambridge*. See Dr. Knight's Life of Erasmus, p. 137.—But our obnoxious *Essayist* had given scandal to the Scholastic spirit of Anthony Wood, the famed Oxford Historian, long before; who, in the Journal of his own life, has furnished us with this curious anecdote. "April 23d, 1663, I began a Course of Chymistry [in Oxford] under the noted Chimist and *Rosicrusian*, Peter Sthael of Strasburg in Royal Prussia. The club consisted of ten at least, whereof was John Lock, of Christ Church, afterwards a noted Writer. This John Lock was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented. The Club wrote, and took notes from the mouth of their Master: but the said John Lock scorned to do it: so that while every man besides were writing, he would be prating and troublesome." *

Whatever might have been the case in the year 1703, certain I am, that Locke's Essay has been universally read and recommended at Oxford, for above fifty years last past.

Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep Remark:

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Ver. 198. *Crouzaz,*] Author of a very absurd and abusive Commentary on the *Essay on Man.* *

Ibid. *On German* Crouzaz, *and Dutch* Burgersdyck.] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who, of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *Names,* as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 199. *the streams*] The river Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation. P. *

Ver. 200. *To lull the sons*] Dr. Hurd, in his Dialogues on Early Travel, is of a quite contrary opinion, and has vindicated the utility of a university education; yet some have thought it a little inconsistent, that Locke should be the person introduced as a defender of this discipline, who suffered by a very unjust expulsion from the University of Oxford. It is mortifying to behold such a man as Dr. Fell basely obedient to the arbitrary Orders of a minister, Lord Sunderland, on that occasion.

Ver. 202. *sleeps in Port.*] viz. "Now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So *Scriblerus.* But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port,* from *Oporto,* a City of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. Scip. Maff. *De Compotationibus Academicis.* P. *

His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both Man and God.
Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it Prose again.

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Ver. 205. *His Hat, &c.—So upright Quakers please both Man and God.*] The *Hat-worship*, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them. P. *

Ver. 210. *Aristarchus*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whose name hath been frequently used to signify a complete Critic. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent Professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 214. *Critics like me*] This is the line in which, contrary to nature, character, and decorum, Bentley is made to condemn and ridicule himself, and his own labours. Besides, his Horace ought not to be ranked with his Milton, as containing many acute remarks and happy emendations; and therefore, did not make Horace dull.

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Ver. 207. — *He, kingly, did but nod;*] Milton.

———" He, kingly, from his State
" Declin'd not"—— W.

Ver. 210. —*is* Aristarchus *yet unknown?*]

——" Sic notus *Ulysses!*" Virg.
" Dost thou not feel me, *Rome?*" Ben Jonson. W.

Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:
Author of something yet more great than Letter:
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Dispute of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut*, or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:

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Ver. 217, 218. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,—Stands our* Digamma,] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another. P. *

Ver. 220. *Dispute of* Me *or* Te, *of* aut *or* at,] It is remarkable that there is an old Greek epigram of Herodicus, quoted by Athenæus in his fifth book, page 112. Basileæ apud J. Valderum, 1635, Folio; ridiculing verbal criticism, in a manner exactly resembling these lines, of Pope, which it is not at all probable he had ever read. The two second lines follow:

"Γωνιοβόμβυκες, μονοσύλλαβοι· οἷσι μέμηλε,
Τὸ σφὶν, καὶ σφῶϊν, καὶ τὸ μὶν, ἠδὲ τὸ νίν."

Ver. 223, 224. *Freind—Alsop*] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster-school, and canon of Christ-church——Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. P. *

Not only in odes but in some Æsopic fables.

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Ver. 215. *Roman and Greek* Grammarians, &c.] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid.

"*Cedite*, Romani *scriptores, cedite*, Graii!
Nescio quid majus *nascitur Iliade*." W.

From me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.
The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see,
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.
Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.

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Ver. 226. *Manilius or Solinus*] Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical talents. P. *

Ver. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus*] The first a Dictionary-writer of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third a collector, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of good old Authors. P. *

All these three writers abound in useful and elegant remarks, and in facts, which, but for their collections, would have been lost and unknown; and therefore deserved not this ridicule, especially from a poet who, as Dr. Jortin observes, knew very little of their works. Burman, Kuster, and Wasse, mentioned verse 237, were men of real and useful erudition.

Ver. 232. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These men taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another. P. *

Ver. 239, 240. *Ah, think not, Mistress, &c.—In Folly's Cap,*

Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock.

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&c.] By this it appears, that the Dunces and Fops, mentioned ver. 139, 140, had a contention for the Goddess's favour on this great day. *Those* got the start: but *These* make it up by their Spokesman in the next speech. It seems as if Aristarchus here first saw him advancing with his fair Pupil. Scribl. *

Ver. 243. *Thine is the genuine*] It has been suggested that Dr. Warburton inserted some lines of his own composition in this fourth book of the Dunciad, which the poet wrote at his earnest request; and these two verses, as containing some common cant words peculiar to the university, are mentioned as some of them: as also the following,

" As erst Medea, cruel so to save,
A new Edition of old Æson gave."

And the calling the members of the University of Oxford,

" Apollo's May'r and Aldermen,"

is said to be one of Dr. Warburton's witticisms. For the truth of this assertion I cannot vouch.

Ver. 244. *And much Divinity without a* Νοῦς.] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a farther view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first cause*; and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind Nature, without a Νοῦς: such as the poet afterward describes (speaking of the dream of one of these latter Platonists):

Or that bright Image *to our Fancy draw,*
Which Theocles *in raptur'd Vision saw,*
That Nature ———&c. P. *

Ver. 245, 246. *Barrow, Atterbury*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity; Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-church; both great Genuises and eloquent Preachers; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning; but who

See! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
What tho' we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run through ev'ry school?

REMARKS.

equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies. P. *

No compositions can be more different than the sermons of these two eminent divines. If there be more eloquence and taste in the discourses of Atterbury, there is certainly more matter, more penetration, more knowledge of human nature, in those of Barrow.

Ver. 247. *the heavy Canon*] Canon here, if spoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one:* in which case I suspect the *Pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *Poll* or *Head* of that Canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *Paranomasia* or *Pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of Speech more apposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her Children, especially of the University? Doubtless it better suits the character of Dulness, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel; yet *Milton* feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to suggest that the Devil was the Author as well of false Wit, as of false Religion, and that the Father of Lies was also the Father of Puns. But this is idle: it must be owned to be a Christian practice; used in the primitive times by some of the Fathers, and in the latter by most of the Sons of the Church; till the debauched reign of Charles the Second, when the shameful Passion for *Wit* overthrew every thing: and even then the best Writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *Double entendre*. Scribl. P. *

Never by tumbler through the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse:
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius to a Dunce:
Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
Shew all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level every mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor, from France.

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Ver. 257. *Never by tumbler*] These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford; given to my father twenty years before the Dunciad was written. The Parenthesis, in v. 259 (if sober all this time), is a poor expletive.

Ver. 264. *petrify a* Genius] Those who have no Genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences. P. *

Ver. 266. *not a step advance.*] He has condescended to borrow this illustration on metaphysicians, from Lord Hervey's Observations on Alciphron.

Ver. 267. *With the same Cement,*] A cement bringing to a level, is not a pure metaphor: and take him to develop, v. 269, is hard.

Ver. 270. *And hew the Block off,*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts. P. *

Ver. 272. *lac'd Governor,*] Why *lac'd?* Because Gold and

Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.

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Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank; and the Governor must be supposed so, in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this Governor came from France? Know? Why, by his laced coat. —Scribl. P. *

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor,*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the preference before the Whore, if not before the Pupil: but were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore: and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other. P. *

Ibid. *Whore, Pupil,*] Meaning the late Duke of Kingston, and his celebrated mistress, Mad. De La Touche.

Ver. 274. *stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.*] See Homer, Odyss. xi. where the Ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses the *Traveller*, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the *Travelling* and the *University* Tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes; and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the *sullen dignity in departure*, which Longinus so much admired. Scribl. *

Ver. 276. *And titt'ring push'd,* &c.] Hor.

"Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas." P. *

The first came forward with an easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun,
Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.
The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake.
Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,
Through School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:

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Ver. 280. *As if he saw* St. James's] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young persons in the Presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus. P. *

Ver. 281. *th' attendant Orator*] The Governor abovesaid. The Poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do justice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 290. *unseen the young* Æneas *past: Thence bursting glorious,*] See Virg. Æneid. i.

" At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere possit;
2. Molirive moram;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas."

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1. that nobody might touch or correct him: 2. might stop or detain him: 3. examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there. P. *

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Ver. 284. *A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God.*]

——" sine Dis animosus Infans." Hor. W.

Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.

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Ver. 294. *Europe he saw,*] The pernicious effects of too early travelling are here ridiculed and exposed with equal good sense, and charming poetry.

Ver. 301. *To happy Convents,*] I cannot forbear saying, though indeed every reader of taste will perceive the thing, that Pope has never written, nor indeed does our language afford, six more delicious lines. The three compound epithets, which are more in number than he ever has used so near each other, have a fine effect, and are most happily constructed. So also is greatly-daring, in line 318. Verse 302, Abbots, purple as their wines, is from Rousseau the Poet.

Ver. 303. *lily-silver'd vales,*] Tuberoses. W.

Ver. 305. *To lands of——dancing slaves,*] In the year 1413, when the City of Paris was in the utmost desolation, in the murders and proscriptions of the Great, by the uncontrolled fury of a mad Populace, who had destroyed one half of the Court, and had kept the other half, with the King and Dauphin, Prisoners in the

But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal Sense, of Op'ras or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Tried all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd;
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;

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Palace, devoted to destruction. At this dreadful juncture, the insolence of one Jacqueville, the Captain of the Mob, has been the occasion of bringing down to us a circumstance very declarative of the singular temper of this gay Nation. As that Fellow, with his Guards at his heels, was going his rounds, to see that the work of ruin went on without interruption, when he came to the Palace he went abruptly up into the apartments, where he found the Dauphin and the principal Lords and Ladies of the Court dancing, as in the midst of Peace and Security; on which, with the air of a Cato, he reproached them for the levity of their behaviour, at a time when the rest of the Court were languishing in the Dungeons of the Common Prisons. W.

Ver. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;*] The winged Lion, the Arms of Venice. This Republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce; now illustrious for her *Carnivals*. P. *

Ver. 313. *ev'ry King declare*] Another of his many sarcasms on kings. Verse 316, for intriguing with glory, see his friend Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

Ver. 318. *greatly-daring din'd;*] It being indeed no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome. P. *

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head;
As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber, shall think fit;
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough choose him not, undone;
See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive (for her my soul adores)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores,

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Ver. 324. *With nothing but a* Solo *in his head;*] With nothing but a *Solo!* Why, if it be a *Solo*, how should there be any thing else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.—Bentl. P. *

Ver. 326. *Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber,*] Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays;* who, though not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the Education of Youth: and regulated their *Wits*, their *Morals*, or their *Finances*, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book i. ver. 199, &c. P. *

Ver. 328. *And if a Borough choose him*] A severe stroke on some parts of the English Parliament.

Ver. 331. *Her to receive,* &c.] This confirms what the learned

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Ver. 332. *So may the sons of sons,* &c.

"Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis." Virg. W.

Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Posterity thy own.
Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.
Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'rers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness.
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,

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Scriblerus advanced in his note on ver. 272, that the Governor as well as the Pupil, had particular interest in this lady. P. *

Ver. 333. *like each neighbour Throne,*] A line somewhat obscure; but seeming to contain a very extensive piece of satire.

Ver. 341. *Thee too, my* Paridel!] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering courtly 'Squire,* that travelled about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris.* P. *

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Ver. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack——*
And heard, &c.]

" Sedet, *æternumque sedebit,*
Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque *miserrimus* omnes
Admonet"—— V irg. W.

Ver. 347. *Annius,*] The name taken from Annius the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of ancient

False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.

Grant, gracious Goddess, grant me still to cheat!
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Through twilight Ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis, Gods: and mortals call an Owl;

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manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity; but our Annius had a more substantial motive. P. *

The sudden appearance of this character, whom we never heard of before, makes this passage very obscure. By Annius, was meant Sir Andrew Fountain.

Ver. 355. still *to cheat!*] Some read *skill*, but this is frivolous; for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons. Bentl. P. *

Ver. 361. *hunt th' Athenian fowl,*] The Owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens.

Which Chalcis *Gods, and Mortals call an* Owl,

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer, [Ξ.v. 291.]

Χαλκίδα κικλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν. P. *

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Ver. 355. ——*grant me still to cheat!*
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!

"——Da, pulcra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere——
Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem." Hor. W.

Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, though his house be sold;
To heedless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,

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Ver. 363. *Attys and Cecrops*] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant; but not so improbable as what fellows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbade all Images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Anniuses made a counterfeit medal of that Impostor, now in the possession of a learned Nobleman. P. *

Ver. 371. *Mummius*] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso. P. *

Who, or from whence, was Mummius? we know as little of him, thus abruptly brought out, as of Annius in the preceding passage, ver. 347. It is painful, but necessary, to make an observation on such a fault in our poet. To say the name alluded to Egyptian Mummies, is frigid enough! I have been lately informed that by Mummius was meant Dr. Mead, a man too learned and too liberal to be thus satirized.

Ibid. —*Fool-renown'd*] A compound epithet in the Greek manner, *renown'd by fools*, or *renown'd for making fools*. P. *

Ver. 372. *Cheops*] A King of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is

Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:
Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base!
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,

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therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels; where that accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells us it was empty in his time. P. *

Ver. 375. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes?* &c.] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings, as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant (where he had been collecting various coins), and being pursued by a Corsair of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got safe to land with the medals in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advised purgations, the other vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons; where he found his ancient friend the famous Physician and antiquary, Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour, without staying to inquire about the uneasy symptoms of the burden he carried, first asked him, *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* He assured him they were. Dufour was ravished with the hope of possessing so rare a treasure; he bargained with him on the spot for the most curious of them; and was to recover them at his own expense P. *

Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,
(Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,

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Ver. 387. *Witness great* Ammon!] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their medals. P. *

Ver. 394. *Douglas*] A Physician of great learning and no less taste; above all, curious in what related to HORACE; of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. P. *

Ver. 397. *Then thick as Locusts*] This transition is too hasty and abrupt.

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Ver. 383. *Received each Demi-God.*]

"Emissumque ima de sede Typhoea terræ
Cœlitibus fecisse metum: cunctosque dedisse
Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
Ceperit"——. Ovid. W.

Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent, to the Throne appeal.

The first thus open'd: Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r.
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!

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Ver. 403. *Hear thy suppliant's call,*] The character and speech of the Florist in this passage, and those of the Butterfly Hunter, verse 421 to verse 436, cannot escape the attention and applause of the elegant and judicious reader. Why, therefore, it will be said, point them out? Verse 418, where no carnation fades, is particularly happy and appropriated to the character of the person speaking.

Ver. 409. *and nam'd it* Caroline:] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great personages, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour; but none

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Ver. 405. *Fair from its humble bed,* &c.—*nam'd it* Caroline:

Each maid cry'd, Charming! *and each youth,* Divine!
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! *and no youth,* Divine;]

These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.

"Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ," &c. W.

It is also elegantly translated by Ariosto.

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.
Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r,
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
I stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd the beauteous bird I seiz'd:

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more than that ambitious Gardener at Hammersmith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is* My *Queen Caroline.* P. *

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Ver. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race,*] The Poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muiopotmos.

" Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which do possess the Empire of the Air." W.

Ver. 427, 428. *It fled, I follow'd,* &c.]

" —— I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon"—— Milton. W.

Rose or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair, ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a Mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends.
The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
The mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of Moss;
The head that turns at superlunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 441. *The common Soul,* &c.] In the first Edit. thus,

Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And most but find that sentinel of God,
A drowsy Watchman in the land of Nod. W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 440. *our sleeping friends.*] Of whom see v. 345, above. W.

Ver. 450. *a wilderness of Moss;*] Of which the naturalists count I cannot tell how many hundred species. P. *

Ver. 452. Wilkins' *wings*] One of the first Projectors of the

O! would the sons of men once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study *Flies!*
See Nature in some partial narrow shape.
And let the Author of the whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.
Be that my task (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,

REMARKS.

Royal Society; who among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon; which has put some volatile Geniuses upon making wings for that purpose. P. *

Ver. 453. *Oh! would the Sons of Men, etc.*] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning *Learning*, *Civil Society*, and *Religion*. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the Educators of Youth, she shews them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of Divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.* P. *

Ver. 459. *a gloomy Clerk,*] The Epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic; whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems. P. *

Ver. 462. *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical pro-

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize):
Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause through nature led.
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God:

REMARKS.

portions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable, that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica.*——But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago; it is plain that in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddess; for whose help therefore they are bound to pray. P. *

Ver. 465—68. *Let others creep—through Nature led.*] In these lines are described the *Disposition* of the rational Inquirer; and the *means* and *end* of Knowledge. With regard to his *disposition*, the contemplation of the works of God with human faculties must needs make a modest and sensible man timorous and fearful; and that will naturally direct him to the right *means* of acquiring the little knowledge his faculties are capable of comprehending, namely *plain and sure experience;* which though it supports only an humble *foundation*, and permits only a very slow progress, yet it leads surely to the *end*, the discovery of the *God of Nature.* W.

This note may well remind us of what Lord Bacon finely says on the subject of strained interpretations: "Wines which at the first treading run gently, are pleasanter than those which are forced by the wine-press; for these taste of the stone, and of the husk of the grape.

Ver. 471. *the high Priori Road,*] Those who, from the effects

Make Nature still encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:

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in this visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, though they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the end of their Creation, and the means of their Happiness: whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbes, Spinosa, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners), for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of the means. P. *

He alludes to Dr. Clarke's famous Demonstrations of the Attributes of God, a book which Bolingbroke, who hated Clarke because he was a favourite of Queen Caroline, impotently attacked. In Bolingbroke's works are many passages in ridicule of this Queen's pretences to understand philosophy, and religious controversies, and particularly the controversies relating to the Trinity.

Dr. Clarke and Woollaston considered moral obligation as arising from the essential differences and relations of things; Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, as arising from the moral sense; and the generality of divines, as arising solely from the will of God. On these three principles practical morality has been built by these different writers. "Thus has God been pleased (says the Author of the Divine Legation) to give three different excitements to the practice of virtue; that men, as he finely adds, of all ranks, constitutions, and educations, might find their account in one or other of them; something that would hit their palate, satisfy their reason, or subdue their will.—But this admirable provision for the support of virtue, hath been in some measure defeated by its pretended advocates, who have sacrilegiously untwisted this threefold cord, and each, running away with the part he esteemed the strongest, hath affixed that to the throne of God, as the golden chain that is to unite and to draw all to it." Book i. p. 39. first edition.

Ver. 473. *Make Nature still*] This relates to such as, being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature*, *Elastic Fluid*, *Subtile Matter*, &c. P. *

Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
Or, at one bound, o'erleaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in *Self*, and but for self be born:
Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee:

REMARKS.

Ver. 475. *Thrust some* Mechanic Cause *into its place,*
Or bind in Matter, *or diffuse in* Space.]

The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbes; the third of some succeeding Philosophers. P. *

Ver. 478, &c.

Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, *all* Relation *scorn,*
See all in Self—]

Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in *natural* Philosophy, descends to those in *moral*. Man was made according to *God's Image:* but this false Theology, measuring his attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image:* this proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride:* as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the *Corruption* of his *heart*. Hence he centres every thing in *himself*. The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness; this ends in *seeing all in God;* the other in *seeing all in Self*. P. *

Ver. 481. *Of nought so certain as our* Reason *still,*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of* Soul *and* Will; *i. e.* the Existence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will; the two things most self-evident. P. *

Ver. 484. *Such as Lucretius drew,*] Lib. ii. ver. 648.

Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,

REMARKS.

" Omnis enim per se Divam natura necesse est
Immortali ævo *summa cum pace* fruatur,
Semota ab nostris rebus, *summotaque* longe——
Nec bene pro *meritis* capitur, nec tangitur *ira*;"

from whence the two verses following are translated; and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddess. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 487. *Or that* bright Image] *Bright Image* was the title given by the later Platonists to that Vision of *Nature*, which they had formed out of their own fancy; so bright that they called it Αὐτοπτον Αγαλμα, or the *Self-seen Image*, *i. e.* seen by its own light. *

Ibid. *Or that bright Image*] i. e. Let it be either the *Chance-God* of Epicurus, or the FATE of this Goddess. *

Ver. 488. *Which* Theocles *in raptur'd Vision saw*,] Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions:

" To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun
With his first Beams adorns the front
Of yonder Hill, if you're content
To wander with me in the Woods you see,
We will pursue those Loves of ours,
By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the *Sovereign Genius* and *first Beauty*." Charact. Vol. ii. page 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (page 345) by the same Philosopher:

" —— O glorious *Nature!*
Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
All-loving, and all-lovely! all-divine!
Wise Substitute of Providence! *empower'd*
Creatress! or *empow'ring Deity*,
Supreme Creator!
Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore."

While through Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

REMARKS.

Sir *Isaac Newton* distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. (Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.)——*Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas et attributa, et per sapientissimas et optimas rerum structuras, et causas finales; veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium.* Deum *etenim sine dominio, providentia, et causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam* Fatum *et* Natura. P. *

The manifest injustice of introducing Shaftesbury, who was a rigid Deist, though not a Christian, and who wrote so strongly in favour of an intelligent first cause, has been before noticed in the remarks on the Essay on Man. Dr. Berkeley was the first author, who printed in his Alciphron some passages of Shaftesbury, which certainly border on the bombast, as blank verses. In the London Journal, May 18, 1732, there is a vindication of Shaftesbury against Alciphron, supposed by Bishop Hoadley.

Ver. 489. *roves,—Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;*] "Above all things I loved *Ease*, and of all Philosophers those who reasoned most *at their Ease*, and were never angry or disturbed, as those called *Sceptics* never were. I looked upon this kind of Philosophy as the *prettiest, agreeablest, roving Exercise of the mind*, possible to be imagined." Vol. ii. p. 206. P. *

Ver. 491. *That Nature our Society adores,*] See the *Pantheisticon* with its liturgy and rubrics, composed by *Toland;* which very lately, for the Edification of the *Society*, has been translated into English, and publicly sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. *

Ver. 492. *Silenus*] Mr. Thomas Gordon.—Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog. vi. where he sings the principles of that Philosophy in his drink. P. *

By Silenus he means Gordon, the translator of Tacitus; which translation he made in an affected, hard, abrupt, and inharmonious style, under the notion of imitating the pregnant brevity of the original, crowded as it is, with sense and matter. He also was the publisher of the Independent Whig, and obtained a lucrative place under government. Lord Monboddo has certainly

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bousy Sire,
And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire;
Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down:
Rosy and Rev'rend, tho' without a gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*.
Then thus. From Priestcraft happily set free,
Lo! every finish'd Son returns to thee:
First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the same:
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and Smil'd on by a Queen!
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:

REMARKS.

been too severe in his animadversions on Tacitus. Let us pardon his affected style, for his weighty matter.

Ver. 494. *seeds of fire;*] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. Eclog. vi. *Semina ignis—semina flammæ.* P.

Ver. 501. *First slave to Words*, &c.] A recapitulation of the whole Course of modern Education described in this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words* only in Schools; subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities; and deludes them with the names of *Party-distinctions* in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action. P.

Ver. 506. *smil'd on by a Queen?*] i. e. This Queen or Goddess of Dulness. W.

But it certainly was intended as a sly and satirical stroke on Queen Caroline, and did not relate to the Goddess of Dulness.

Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk!
So K*, so B**, sneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave.
Poor W** nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.
With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends;
Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,

REMARKS.

Ver. 511. *So K*, so B* *, poor W.*] It is vain to inquire the names that belong to these initial letters. Some of the finest passages in Absalom and Achitophel, one of Dryden's capital poems, though concerning persons of far more consequence and importance, are now already unknown; and the satire has lost all its force and poignancy.

Ver. 517. *his Cup—Which whoso tastes,* &c.] *The Cup of Self-love,* which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendship or Honour; and of the Service of God or our Country; all sacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal pleasures. From ver. 520 to 528. P. *

Ibid. *With that, a Wizard*] The greater mysteries, mentioned in a remark of Warburton on this passage, have no more to do with the Dunciad, than they have with the sixth book of the Æneid. All that can be collected about the mysteries is to be found in Meursius's Collections on this subject, in the 27th vol. Folio, of Grævius' and Gronovius's Thesaur. From which collections Warburton borrowed largely in his famous dissertation on this subject, which has been so completely refuted by Gibbon.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 517. *Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,—Sire,* &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv. [v. 220.]

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον,
Νηπενθές τ' ἄχολόν τε κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

Sire, Ancestors, himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies:
A *Feather*, shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;
Lost is his God, his country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their infamy, still keep the human shape.

REMARKS.

Ver. 523, 524. *Lost is his God, his Country—And nothing left but Homage to a King?*] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good subject in a Monarchy: "Where (says he) *there is no such thing as Love of our Country*, the Interest, the Glory, and the Service, of the *Prince*, supply its place." *De la Republique*, chap. x.

Of this duty another celebrated *French* Author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des prémiers Heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une Chimêre; l'idée du Service du Roi, etendüe jusqu'a l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu' on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidelité." *Boulainvilliers Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France*, &c.—And a much greater man than either of them, the Cardinal de Retz, speaking of a conversation he had with the Regente, Anne of Austria, makes this observation on the Court,—"Je connus en cet endroit, qu'il est impossible que la Cour conçoive ce que ce'st LE PUBLIC. La flatterie, qui en est la peste, l'infecte toujours à un tel point, qu'elle lui cause un *delire incurable* sur cet article."

Ver. 528. *keep the human shape.*] Few pieces of satire are more finely imagined, than the Circe of Gelli (copied from Plutarch), in which the men, transformed into beasts, refuse to return again into the human shape, and be again subject to the follies and miseries of that species of animals. The 526th line contains a most severe invective on horse-racing and hunting; and perhaps an invective too severe.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
Kind self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or dependant paint,
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others' Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dies,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the Syren Sisters warble round,
And empty heads console with empty sound,
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.
On some, a Priest succinct in amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:

REMARKS.

Ver. 529. *But she, good Goddess*, &c.] The only comfort such people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes one sort stupid, another impudent; gives Self-conceit to some, arising from the flatteries of their dependants: presents the false colours of Interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle Pleasures or Sensualities, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons. P. *

The board with specious miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of the Vine.
What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Treufles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!
With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.

REMARKS.

Ver. 556. Seve *and* Verdeur] French Terms relating to Wines which signify their flavour and poignancy.

" Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur
Villandri priseroit sa *Seve* et sa *Verdeur*." Depreaux.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a *Nobleman in Disgrace*, advising him to seek Comfort in a *good Table*; and particularly to be attentive to *these qualities* in his Champaigne. P. *

Ver. 560. *Bladen--Hays*] Names of Gamesters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight, Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterward pardoned in 1742).—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France. P. *

The former Note of—*Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The Manuscript text is here partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been—" *Wash* Blackmoors *white*," alluding to a known Proverb. Scribl. P.

Colonel Martin Bladen was a man of some literature, and translated Cæsar's Commentaries. I never could learn that he had offended Pope. He was uncle to my dear and lamented friend Mr. William Collins the Poet, to whom he left an estate, which he did not get possession of till his faculties were deranged, and he could not enjoy it. I remember Collins told me that Bladen had given to Voltaire, all that account of Camoëns inserted in his essay on the Epic Poets of all Nations, and that Voltaire seemed before entirely ignorant of the name and character of Camoëns.

KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential Partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their coach,
Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*.
Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,
Who study Shakspeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertú profess,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.

REMARKS.

Ver. 562. *To three essential Partridges*] It cannot be denied that this is a sarcasm on one of the mysteries of the Christian Religion.

Ver. 567. *Her children first of more distinguish'd sort,*
Who study Shakspeare *at the Inns of Court,*]

Ill would that Scholiast discharge his duty, who should neglect to honour those whom DULNESS has *distinguished:* or suffer them to lie forgotten, when their rare modesty would have left them nameless. Let us not, therefore, overlook the services which have been done her Cause, by one Mr. Thomas Edwards, a *Gentleman*, as he is pleased to call himself, of *Lincoln's Inn:* but, in reality, a Gentleman only of the Dunciad; or to speak him better, in the plain language of our honest Ancestors to such mushrooms, *A Gentleman of the last Edition*: who, nobly eluding the solicitude of his careful Father, very early retained himself in the cause of *Dulness* against *Shakspeare;* and with the wit and learning of his Ancestor *Tom Thimble* in the *Rehearsal*, and with the air of good-nature and politeness of *Caliban* in the *Tempest*, hath now happily finished the *Dunce's Progress*, in personal abuse. For a Libeller is nothing but a Grub-street Critic run to Seed. Scribl.

This attack on Mr. Edwards is not of weight sufficient to weaken the effects of his excellent Canons of Criticism.

Ver. 570. *Shine in the dignity*] A line taken from Bramston's Man of Taste: a satire in which Bramston has been guilty of the indecorum and absurdity of making his hero laugh at himself and his own follies.

Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual Feast.
Nor pass the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS.
Then, blessing all, Go, children of my care!
To practice now from Theory repair.
All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
This nod confirms each Privilege your own.

REMARKS.

Ver. 571. *Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race*] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this *silent Race:* he has provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming-bird*, or a *Cockle*; yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras. P. *

Ver. 576. *a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay-brothers, two of the innumerable *Slips* from the Root of the Free-Masons. P. *

Ver. 578. *Isis and Cam*] When we consider on whom the Universities have sometimes conferred degrees, we must wish that Pope and Warburton had been made doctors at Oxford.

Ver. 582. *be selfish, and be dull.*] From Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, "With this prophetic blessing, Be thou dull."

Ver. 584. *each* Privilege *your own*, &c.] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at Parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence; and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more ex-

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his grace;
With staff and Pumps the Marquis led the Race;
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron Butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachine's subtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call;
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball;
The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!)
A hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pie;

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traordinary, than to personate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, Stage-Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination her sons might have to do mischief, they are generally rendered harmless by their Inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed, that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be well expected from them. P. *

Ver. 589. *The learned Baron*] Evidently taken from Young's Universal Passion, satire 1.

" By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot."

The trifling employments and amusements of some men of quality cannot be more finely or more justly exposed. The dance of the judges, mentioned at ver. 591, is not of this sort, is not of a piece with the rest, and arose from another cause. And yet, though some men of rank may merit the ridicule in the above verses, 585, &c. yet candour must allow, that a great number deserve not this sarcasm.

Ver. 590. *Arachine's subtile line;*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned,—and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of waving gray-silk stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the Philosoph. Transact. P. *

Ver. 591. *The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call;*] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn *Dance* entitled, *A Call of Serjeants*. P. *

The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his lands and Manors in a Soup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one Monarch more;
And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
Born for First Ministers, as slaves for Kings,
Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?

REMARKS.

Ver. 562. *Teach Kings to fiddle,*] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance,* either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia. P. *

Ibid. *made Senates dance.*] Alludes to the frequent banishments of the parliaments of France, when they exerted a noble spirit of opposition to despotic power. In the Annual Registers of those times, are many spirited remarks on these banishments by a man of great genius.

Ver. 602. *Princes are but things*] The making ministers of more real importance than princes, is admirably severe.

Ver. 606. *What Mortal can resist the yawn of Gods?*] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey.——It may indeed seem a very singular Epitasis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a GREAT YAWN; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God,* and of powerful effects. Nor is it out of nature; most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: nor yet without authority, the incomparable Spenser having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a ROAR; but then it is the *Roar of a Lion,* the effects whereof (as here of the *Yawn*) are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem. P. *

Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd
(St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd);
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake:
The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:
Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
While the long solemn Unison went round:

REMARKS.

Ver. 607. *Churches and Chapels*, &c.] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels; then catcheth the Schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: next Westminster-hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess: then the Convocation, which though *extremely desirous to speak*, yet cannot; even in the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost* (that is to say *suspended*) during the Yawn; (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (though as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter himself) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, though ever so momentary, could not but cause some relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs. Scribl. P. *

Ver. 608. *for leaden G——*] He meant Dr. Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury. He had never given Pope any particular offence: but he had attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope much respected. And this attack was made in a rude and rough manner.

Ver. 612. *The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak:*] Implying a great desire so to do, as the learned Scholiast on the place rightly observes. Therefore, beware, Reader, lest thou take this *Gape* for a *Yawn*, which is attended with no desire, but to go to rest; by no means the disposition of the Convocation: whose melancholy case is this: She was, as is *reported*, infected with the general influence of the Goddess; and while she was yawning carelessly at her ease, a wanton Courtier took her at advantage, and in the very nick, clapped a *Gag* into her mouth. Well therefore may we know her meaning by her *gaping*; and this distressful posture which our poet here describes, is just as she stands at this day, a sad example of the effects of Dulness and Malice unchecked and despised. Bentl. *

Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm:
"The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main."

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none),
Relate, who first, who last, resign'd to rest;
Whose Heads she partly, whose completely, blest;

REMARKS.

Ver. 615. 618. These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date. P. *

Ver. 619. *O Muse! relate*] Mr. Gray's opinion of this fourth book was as follows: "The genii of operas and schools, with their attendants, the pleas of the virtuosos and florists, and the yawn of Dulness in the end, are as fine as any thing he has written. The metaphysician's part is to me the worst; and here and there a few ill-expressed lines, and some hardly intelligible."

Ver. 620. *Wits have short Memories,*] This seemeth to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the Daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad ii. [ver. 488.]

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, οὐδ' ὀνομήνω—
Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'———

And Virg. Æneid. vii.

"Et meministis enim, Divæ, et memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being *asleep*, she only could relate what passed. Scribl. P. *

What Charms could Faction, what Ambition, lull,
The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull;
Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
Of *Night* Primeval, and of *Chaos* old!
Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rainbows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
See skulking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 621. *Relate, who first, who last, resign'd to rest;*
Whose heads she partly, whose completely blest.]

"Quem telo primum, quem postremum *aspera Virgo*
Dejicis? aut quot humi *morientia corpora* fundis?"
Virg. W.

Ver. 637. *As Argus' eyes,* &c.]

"Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat——
Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculos," &c. Ovid. Met. ii. W.

Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 643. In the former Edit. it stood thus,

" Philosophy, that reach'd the Heav'ns *before*,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, *and is no more!* W.

REMARKS.

Ver. 643. Philosophy, *that lean'd on Heav'n*] Philosophy has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteemed unphilosophical to rest in the *first cause;* as if its business were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the First. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this philosophy, which is founded on the principle of *Gravitation*, first considered that property in matter as something extrinsical to it, and impressed by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first Cause, was pushing natural inquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this Philosophy, *Bacon*, who says, *Circa ultimates rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as recurring to the *occult qualities* of the Peripatetics; whose sense is thus delivered by a great Poet, whom, indeed, it more became than a Philosopher.

" Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro
Accedunt propius. *Videor mihi cernere terra*
Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum
Pellæi Juvenis Doctor conjecerat olim
In Physicæ studium." Anti-Lucr.

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the *cause* of *gravitation* in a certain *subtile matter* or *elastic fluid*, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural inquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause:*

" Philosophy, that *lean'd* on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her *second cause*, and is no more."

For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the *cause* of that *elasticity?* See this folly censured, ver. 475,

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense!*

REMARKS.

and confuted in the following words of an excellent Philosopher, who having demonstrated the absolute impossibility of any *subtile matter* or *elastic fluid's* being able to perform the office here assigned to it, as it must impel every particle of matter an infinite number of different ways at once, and incessantly, goes on thus, "When it is said that *the higher we rise in the* SCALE OF NATURE *towards the supreme cause, the views we have from Philosophy appear more beautiful and extensive*; we may observe that *the scale of material causes* in philosophy is not like *the rising scale of Beings* in the creation: though the supposed *scale* here seems to have been taken from that. In the *scale of* BEINGS, the beginning is low: and every species rises in perfection as we ascend: there is an amazing variety, from dead matter, to living spirit: nor does the gradation end there. This is full of instruction and delight: we see ourselves in the middle of the *scale*, and are certain of rising higher, as rational beings were not made for utter extinction. But it is not so in a *scale of material* CAUSES. There are no degrees of perfection in matter. All matter is equally an inactive substance, that resists a change of its state. The higher we had ascended in *such a scale*, we should have met with the more obscurity. We see it is so in reality to those who pretend to mount this way. The *first sort of matter* might perhaps have been seen easily; the *second*, but darkly; and the *third*, not at all. This had been the way for the Deity to conceal himself; and this is the view which this philosophy endeavours to give us. It is equivocal language to speak of rising towards the *supreme cause through a scale of material causes*. No philosophy ever yet discovered the second step of the *scale*. I see a stone fall. I am certain there is but one step here. A *fluid* that impressed a crushing force on a small piece of matter, would as much overcome my strength to wade through it, as if I had endeavoured to walk in the bottom of an ocean of Mercury, or something more dense. Thus we see their second step is a fiction, to divert the attention, and set us a gazing at something that cannot be seen. The views that we have from this Philosophy are indeed very dark and mysterious. Philosophers speak of *not excluding the Deity out of nature*, as of a favour: but they endeavour to *exclude* him from every thing we can point out, to discover him. They

See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.
Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine!*
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And universal Darkness buries All.

REMARKS.

endeavour to make us easy, by telling us, *he is every where active, and every where present:* but at the same time they try to restrain his activity, to quadrate with their hypothesis; and make him present only that SUBTILE MATTER may exercise his power and knowledge. Nothing can derogate more from the Government and Influences of the Deity."—Baxter, Appendix to his Inquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul, p. 194. * W.

Ver. 645, 646. Physic *of* Metaphysic, &c.—*And* Metaphysic *calls*, &c.] Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and Berkeley, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body:* which they have attempted to do by a very refined *metaphysical* reasoning: while others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a Revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial Being are but the result from certain dispositions of the particles of matter, and consequently that the soul is naturally mortal. Thus, between their different reasonings, these good men have left us neither Soul nor Body; nor the Sciences of Physics and Metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a begging to, one another. * W.

Ver. 654. *thy uncreating word:*] After this noble and energetic line, the expression in the next, of—"lets the curtain fall," is an unhappy descent in style and imagery.

BY THE AUTHOR

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend, as genuine: The said Haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them; Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, [1]beginning with the words The Mighty Mother,

[1] Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *Books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as it formerly stood: read also, "containing the entire sum of *one thousand seven hundred and fifty-four* verses," instead of "*one thousand and twelve* lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents of this poem.

Thou art to know, Reader! that the first Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author (though living and not blind): the Editor himself confessed as much in his Preface: and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole Passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his Editor *twelve;* this Author gave *four* books, his Editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. Bentl.

and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point and comma, of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our Example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London this third Day of January, in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, Mayor.

APPENDIX.

1.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727.

The PUBLISHER[1] to the READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented

[1] *The Publisher*] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the Poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the preface to their Miscellanies), determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at Random. But such was the Number of Poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common Newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in

against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the state or literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the large part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers, whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has been persecuted with [3]pamphlets, advertisements, letters, and weekly essays, not only against the wit and writings, but against the character and person, of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his works (which by modest computation may

those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled Licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them; either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it a happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his design. W.

[3] *Pamphlets, advertisements,* &c.] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the Poem. W.

be about a hundred thousand[3] in these kingdoms of England and Ireland; not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the new world, and foreigners who have translated him into their languages), of all this number not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the [4]author of the following poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in his poem attacked [5]no

[3] *about a hundred thousand*] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureat (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet when I read it with those *vain-glorious* encumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, &c.——it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling Passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a *low avarice of Praise*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own.) W.

[4] *the author of the following poem*, &c.] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself. W.

[5] The publisher in these words went a little too far: but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such: and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness, impudent scurrilities, or self-conceit, all mankind agreed to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad. W.

man living, who had not before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly[6] nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him: for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to say affected) *shortness* in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full[7] six years of his life, and that he wholly

[6] *there is certainly nothing in his style*, &c.] This irony had small effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been published two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope. W.

[7] *The labour of full six years*, &c.] This also was honestly and seriously believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, pref. to Sawney: "We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application: it is no great compliment to the author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his life," &c. So also Ward, pref. to Durgen: "The Dunciad, as the publisher very wisely confesses, cost the author six years' retirement from all the pleasures of life; though it is

retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to his correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia[8]*!*

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been and can be no other than

The DUNCIAD.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the *Names* in the poem, by the inevitable removal of

somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it could be so long in hatching, &c. But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scriblerus said of the Poem. W.

[8] The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion." W.

some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem.* I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. &c. but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

II.

A LIST of BOOKS, PAPERS, and VERSES, in which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD; with the true Names of the Authors.

REFLECTIONS critical and satyrical on a late Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6d.

A new Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. [By Charles Gildon] printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel [Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, esquires] printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9d.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6d.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, esq.; printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. [By Griffin a player, supervised by Mr. Th——] printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. [Dennis] printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3d

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay [J. D. Breval] printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl. 1717, price 1s. 6d.

Satires on the translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. [Bez. Morris] 1717, price 6d.

The Triumvirate; or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. [Leonard Welsted] 1711, folio, price 1s.

The Battle of Poets; an heroic Poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. [Eliza Haywood] octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England [J. Oldmixon] octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, &c. of several gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miscellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, or ADVERTISEMENTS, in the PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. [Writ by M. Concanen.]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A Letter about Thersites; accusing

the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. [Supposed by Mr. Theobald.]

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. [By Mr. Oldmixon.]

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P—'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. [John Dennis.]

All these were afterward reprinted in a pamphlet, entitled, a Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements, occasioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price

1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste Paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the Mercenary Booksellers (in hopes of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner——"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket (for which he was put into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N. B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)" And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad, octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid Libels and Advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph [a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after] printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl. 12mo. price 6d.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c. 12mo. price 6d.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same

Mr. Curl, 12mo. price 6d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6d.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philoscriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. [Bezaleel Morris] against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a Collection of many of the Libels in the Newspapers, like the former Volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* which *any body* should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the 4th chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published,

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-Squire.] Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-court [Lord H——y.] Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent Garden, octavo.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt, the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time: and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very *Obscurity* of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *Secret*, which most people love to

be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *Persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen ANNE and King GEORGE), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient, barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions; but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to

have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest; and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION of the FOURTH BOOK of the DUNCIAD, when printed separately in the Year 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfinished*. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that *the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it:* and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that *the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad.* But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of

the last six books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any *Criticisms* that shall be published (if at all to the purpose), with the *Names* of the *Authors;* or any letter sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;* which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT

To the complete EDITION of 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on the *Essay on Criticism.* There was one already on the *Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of *Scriblerus*, and even to those written by Mr. *Cleland*, Dr. *Arbuthnot*, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in

the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of Personal Reflection, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving *This Poem*, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a *more considerable Hero*. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such a one was reserved for this Post, as has since obtained the *Laurel:* but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to *him* or the *Dunciad*.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author: this person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a *Vanity;* and therefore was the *man in the world who would least be hurt by it.*

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Printed in the JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them

as an *abuse:* we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these Gentlemen *bad authors* is no sort of *abuse*, but a great *truth*. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no *Wit*, or *Poet*, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any *three of his companions* in the Dunciad, or from Mr. *Dennis singly*, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. DRYDEN and Mr. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. DRYDEN,

His Politics, Religion, Morals.

Mr. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense[3]. A true Republican son of monarchical Church[4]. A Republican Atheist[5]. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last[6].

In the poem called *Absalom* and *Achitophel* are notoriously traduced, The King, the Queen, the Lords, and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons

[3] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.
[4] Page 38. [5] Page 192. [6] Page 8.

VII.

A

PARALLEL

OF THE

CHARACTERS

OF

Mr. POPE and Mr. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

Mr. POPE,

His Politics, Religion, Morals.

Mr. Pope is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning[7]. Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent[8]. Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high flyer[9]. He is both a whig and tory[1].

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments[2].

[7] Dennis Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. xii.
[8] Dunciad dissected. [9] Pref. to Gulliveriana.
[1] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[2] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.

exposed, but the whole NATION and its REPRESENTATIVES notoriously libelled. It is *scandalum magnatum*, yea of MAJESTY itself[3].

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor[4]. His very Christianity may be questioned[5]. He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his reflections on others[6]. With as good a right as his Holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility[7].

Mr. DRYDEN only a Versifier.

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre[8]. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question[9].

Mr. DRYDEN's VIRGIL.

Tonson calls it *Dryden's Virgil*, to shew that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustean age; but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent,

[3] Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.
[4] Ibid. [5] Milbourn, p. 9. [6] Ibid. p. 175.
[7] Page 39. [8] Whip and Key, Pref.
[9] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.

In his Miscellanies the Persons abused are, The KING, the QUEEN, his late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of BISHOPS, the Established CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c. To make Sense of some passages, they must be construed into ROYAL SCANDAL[1].

He is a Popish Rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings[2]. His Religion allows him to destroy Heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles[3]. It deserved Vengeance to suggest that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his Namesake at Rome[4].

Mr. POPE only a Versifier.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit[5]. It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse[6].

Mr. POPE's HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him,

[1] List at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. More, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.
[2] Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 27. [3] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11. [4] Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c. p. 9. [5] Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.
[6] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom.

nonsensical writer[7]. None but a Bavius, a Maevius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but such unthinking Vermin admire his Translator[8]. It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c. requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expression; not an ambling Muse running on Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket-racer.—He has numberless faults in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of expression[9].

Mr. DRYDEN understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster-school: Dr. Busby would have whipped him for so childish a Paraphrase[1]. The meanest Pedant in England would whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly[2]. The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity[3]. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author[4]. This shews how fit Mr. D. may be to translate *Homer!* A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but εἴχωρ for ἰχὼρ must be the error of the Author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press[5]. Mr. Dryden writes for the Court Ladies——He writes for the Ladies, and not for use[6].

[7] Milbourn, page 2.
[8] Page 35.
[9] Page 22, and 102.
[1] Page 72.
[2] Page 203.
[3] Page 78.
[4] Page 206.
[5] Page 19.
[6] Page 144. 190.

one would swear, had a Hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a Puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene[7]. He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge[8].

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good Sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the Harmony of his Versification.——But this little Author, who is so much in vogue, has neither Sense in his Thoughts, nor English in his Expressions[9].

Mr. POPE understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little[1]. I wonder how this Gentleman would look should it be discovered, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek[2]. He has stuck so little to his Original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question[3]. I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's Excellences which has so delighted the Ladies, and the Gentlemen who judge like Ladies[4].

[7] Dennis Rem. on Pope's Homer, p. 12. [8] Ibid. p. 14.
[9] Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.
[1] Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 12. [2] Daily Journ. April 23, 1728. [3] Suppl. to the Profund Pref.
[4] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.

The Translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a Ragout to his cheated Subscribers[4].

Mr. DRYDEN tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than money; and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably celebrated Name[5]. *Poetis quidlibet audendi* shall be Mr. Dryden's Motto, though it should extend to picking of Pockets[6].

Names bestowed on Mr. DRYDEN.

An APE.] A crafty Ape drest up in a gaudy gown——Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but Apish and Papish brats will heed him[7].

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all[8].

A FROG.] Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an Ox[9].

[4] Page 67. [5] Page 192. [6] Page 125.
[7] Whip and Key, Pref. [8] Milb. p. 105. [9] Page 11.

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he had burlesqued Homer without designing it[1].

Mr. POPE tricked his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work: but 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the Project. The Subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of[2]. Pope has been concerned in Jobs, and hired out his Name to Booksellers[3].

Names bestowed on Mr. POPE.

An APE.] Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz. APE, and they give you the same Idea of an Ape as his Face[4], &c.

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass[5].

A FROG.] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature, that, like the Frog in the Fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox[6].

[1] Dennis's Rem. p. 28. [2] Homerides, p. 1, &c.
[3] British Journ. Nov. 25, 1727. [4] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. [5] Dennis, Rem. on Hom. Pref.
[6] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, Pref. p. 9.

A COWARD.] A Clinias or a Damaetas, or a Man of Mr. Dryden's own Courage[7].

A KNAVE.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ: and, if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, Servant to his Majesty[8].

A FOOL.] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool[9].—Some great Poets are positive Blockheads[1].

A THING.] So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden[2].

[7] Page 176. [8] Page 57. [9] Whip and Key, Pref.
[1] Milbourn, p. 34. [2] Ibid. p. 35.

A COWARD.] A lurking way-laying coward[3].

A KNAVE.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honesty[4].

A FOOL.] Great Fools will be christened by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer[5].

A THING.] A little abject Thing[6].

[3] Char. of Mr. P. page 3.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Dennis, Rem. on Homer, p. 37.
[6] Ibid. p. 8.

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THAT the Reader may see at one view, the nature, conduct, and coherence, of this Poem, how perfect it was in three books, and how much it suffered, and was disfigured, by a fourth book, and by a new hero, the Dunciad is here added, as it stood in the quarto edition, 1728.

THE

DUNCIAD:

TO

DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FIRST.

THE Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription. Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, *and cause of the continuance thereof. The beloved seat of the Goddess is described, with her chief attendants and officers, her functions, operations, and effects. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on* Tibbald *to be the instrument of that great event which is the Subject of the poem. He is described pensive in his study, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the present monarch* Settle: *Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to Law or Politics, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess, beholding the flame from her seat, flies in person and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of* Thule. *She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of* Settle *that night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor.*

BOOK I.

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings.
Say, great Patricians! (since yourselves inspire
These wondrous works: so Jove and Fate require)
Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first.
In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd in native Anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,
For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.
O Thou! whatever Title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver,
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais easy Chair,
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,
Grieve not, my Swift, at ought our realm requires,
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread,
To hatch a new Saturnian Age of Lead.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
Here in one bed two shiv'ring Sisters lie,
The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.
This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guild-hall.
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And destin'd here the imperial seat of fools.
Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post,
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day,
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-street race.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone:
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne;
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribbling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale;
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where, nameless Somethings in their causes sleep,
Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,

Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
There motley Images her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance:
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green,
On cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene:
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views,
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.
'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave,
Like Cimon triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more.

Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While Pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City Swans once sung within the walls;
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from *Heywood's* days.
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son;
So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw old *Pryn* in restless *Daniel* shine,
And *Eusden* eke out *Blackmore's* endless line;
She saw slow *Philips* creep like *Tate's* poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in *Dennis* rage.
In each she marks her image full exprest,
But chief, in *Tibbald's* monster-breeding breast:
Sees Gods with Demons in strange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell, her battles wage.
She ey'd the Bard, where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay:
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd,
Or which fond authors were so good to gild,

Or where, by sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties, not its own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great:
There, stamp'd with arms, *Newcastle* shines complete:
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;
A *Gothic* Vatican! of *Greece* and *Rome*
Well purg'd, and worthy *Withers*, *Quarles*, and *Blome*.
But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
There *Caxton* slept, with *Wynkin* at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide,
There, sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here, the groaning shelves *Philemon* bends.
Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes: these an altar raise:
A hecatomb of pure, unsullied lays
That altar crowns: a folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base;
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
And last, a little *Ajax* tips the spire.
Then he. Great Tamer of all human art!
First in my care, and nearest at my heart:
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end!
O thou, of business the directing soul,
To human heads like bias to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view.

O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Ah! still o'er *Britain* stretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' *Helvetian* and *Batavian* land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,
She does but shew her coward face and dies;
There, thy good Scholiasts with unwearied pains
Make *Horace* flat, and humble *Maro's* strains:
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor *Shakspeare* once a week.
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it;
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours, till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,
My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So gravest precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky:
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, emptiness and dulness could inspire,
And were my elasticity and fire.

Had Heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the *Grub-street* state.
But see great *Settle* to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end!
Could *Troy* be sav'd by any single hand,
His gray-goose weapon must have made her stand.
But what can I? my *Flaccus* cast aside,
Take up th' Attorney's (once my better) guide?
Or rob the *Roman* geese of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the Tories?
Yes, to my Country I my pen consign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty *Mist!* am thine,
And rival, *Curtius!* of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu, my children! better thus expire
Unstall'd, unsold, thus glorious mount in fire,
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocers' hands,
Or ship'd with *Ward* to ape and monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.

With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rolling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames old *Memnon*, now *Rodrigo* burns,
In one quick flash see *Proserpine* expire,
And last, his own cold *Æschylus* took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the *Trojan's* eyes
When the last blaze sent *Ilion* to the skies.

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head;
Then snatch'd a sheet of *Thule* from her bed,

Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre,
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to the sacred Dome;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home:
So Spirits ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend and recognise their native place.
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat.
Here to her Chosen all her works she shews;
Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loit'ring into prose;
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And these to notes are fritter'd quite away.
How index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to *France*, and none to *Rome* or *Greece*,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Congreve*, and *Corneille*,
Can make a *Cibber*, *Johnson*, or *Ozell*.
The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed;
And lo! her bird, a monster of a fowl!
Something betwixt a *Heideggre* and owl,
Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.

Know, *Settle* cloy'd with custard, and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days,
Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched *Withers*, *Banks*, and *Gildon*, rest,
And high-born *Howard*, more majestic sire,
Impatient waits, till * * grace the quire.
I see a Chief, who leads my chosen sons,
All arm'd with points, antitheses, and puns!
I see a Monarch, proud my race to own!
A Nursing-mother, born to rock the throne!
Schools, courts, and senates, shall my laws obey,
Till *Albion*, as *Hibernia*, bless my sway.
She ceas'd: her owls responsive clap the wing,
And *Grub-street* garrets roar, God save the king.
So when *Jove's* block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather, *Ogilby*),
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE SECOND.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas *in* Virgil, *but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games* Pythia, Isthmia, *&c. were anciently said to be by the Gods, and as* Thetis *herself appearing, according to* Homer Odyss. 24, *proposed the prizes in honour of her son* Achilles). *Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and* Booksellers. *The Goddess is first pleased for her disport to propose games to the* Booksellers, *and setteth up the phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake. The Races described, with their divers accidents: next, the Game for a* Poetess: *then follow the exercises for the* Poets, *of* tickling, vociferating, diving: *the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Authors. Lastly, for the* Critics, *the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise not of their parts, but their patience; in hearing the works of two voluminous*

authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth: till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or *Fleckno's Irish* throne,
Or that, where on her *Curls* the public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs:
Great *Tibbald* nods: the proud *Parnassian* sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze.
Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round,
Rome in her capitol saw *Querno* sit,
Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of wit.

To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims
By herald hawkers, high heroic games.
She summons all her sons: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land;
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots,
All who true dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those dunces to reward.

Amid that Area wide she took her stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the *Strand*.
But now, so ANNE and Piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of *Drury-lane*.

With authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
The field of glory is a field for all;
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air,
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom *More*.
All gaze with ardour: some, a poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.
But lofty *Lintot* in the circle rose;
"This prize is mine; who tempt it, are my foes:
With me began this genius, and shall end."
He spoke, and who with *Lintot* shall contend!
Fear held them mute. Alone untaught to fear
Stood dauntless *Curl*, "Behold that rival here!
The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
So take the hindmost, Hell——He said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge *Lintot*, and outstripp'd the wind.

As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse,
On feet, and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With legs expanded *Bernard* urg'd the race,
And seem'd to emulate great *Jacob's* pace.
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which *Curl's Corinna* chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortun'd *Curl* to slide; loud shout the band,
And *Bernard! Bernard!* rings thro' all the *Strand.*
Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer.
Hear *Jove!* whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,
Where from *Ambrosia, Jove* retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind,
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.
In office here fair *Cloacina* stands,
And ministers to *Jove* with purest hands;

Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
(Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet)
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life and scours and stinks along:
Repasses *Lintot*, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night!
To seize his papers, *Curl*, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air:
Songs, sonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to *Evans*, *Younge*, and *Swift*.
Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey;
That suit, an unpaid tailor snatch'd away!
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own *Grub-street* choir,
She deck'd like *Congreve*, *Addison*, and *Prior*;
Mears, *Warner*, *Wilkins*, run: delusive thought!
Breval, *Besaleel*, *Bond*, the varlets caught.
Curl stretches after *Gay*, but *Gay* is gone,
He grasps an empty *Joseph* for a *John:*
So *Proteus*, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.

To him the Goddess. Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at *Paris*
Of wrongs from Dutchesses and Lady *Mary's)*
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cook shall be *Prior*, and *Concanen*, *Swift;*
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our *Garth* and *Addison.*
With that, she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
A shaggy tap'stry, worthy to be spread
On *Codrus'* old, or *Dunton's* modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.
Ear-less on high, stood unabash'd *Defoe*,
And *Tutchin* flagrant from the scourge, below:
There *Ridpath*, *Roper*, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue:
Himself among the storied Chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cried) what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!
See in the circle next, *Eliza* plac'd;
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous *Kirkall* dress'd.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky:

His be yon *Juno* of majestic size,
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
This *China*-Jordan, let the chief o'ercome
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."
Chapman and *Curl* accept the glorious strife
(Tho' one his son dissuades, and one his wife),
This on his manly confidence relies,
That on his vigour and superior size.
First *Chapman* lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So *Jove's* bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)
A second effort brought but new disgrace,
The wild *Meander* wash'd the Artist's face:
Thus the small jet which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless *Curl;* impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking, flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling leads away.
Chapman, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train:
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair;
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.

His honour'd meaning Dulness thus exprest;
"He wins this Patron who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait,
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts *Adonis*, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.
But *Welsted* most the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract, from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky *Welsted!* thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to *Phœbus*, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! the Queen of Love
His Sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As taught by *Venus*, *Paris* learnt the art
To touch *Achilles*' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary.
Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries),
And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish, ev'ry heart,
With *Shakspeare's* nature, or with *Jonson's* art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling Bell,
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe,
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe,
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din:
The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in:
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise, and *Norton*, Brangling, and *Breval*,
Dennis, and Dissonance; and captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart.
Hold! (cry'd the Queen) A Cat-call each shall win,
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake;
Sore sighs Sir *Gilbert*, starting, at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay!
So swells each wind-pipe; Ass intones to Ass,
Harmonic twang, of leather, horn, and brass;
Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attemper'd to the vocal nose.
But far o'er all, sonorous *Blackmore's* strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again:
In *Tot'nam* fields, the brethren with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;

Long *Chanc'ry-lane* retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round:
Thames wafts it thence to *Rufus'* roaring hall,
And *Hungerford* re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.
This labour past, by *Bridewell* all descend,
(As morning-pray'r and flagellation end)
To where *Fleet-ditch* with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to *Thames*,
The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip my children! here at once leap in!
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,
Or dark dexterity of groping well.
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;
A pig of lead to him who dives the best:
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest."
In naked majesty *Oldmixon* stands,
And *Milo*-like, surveys his arms and hands,
Then sighing, thus. "And am I now threescore?
Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?
He said, and climb'd a stranded Lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-right.
The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
Next *Smedley* div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more.
All look, all sigh, and call on *Smedley* lost;
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

Then * essay'd; scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of *Thames*.
True to the bottom, see *Concanen* creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep!
If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting *Blackmore* this denies:
No noise, no stir, no motion, canst thou make,
Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Not so bold *Arnall;* with a weight of scull,
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood:
Lo *Smedley* rose in majesty of mud!
Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young *Lutetia*, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and *Merdamante* brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bow'rs below;
As *Hylas* fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung, how shewn him by the nut-brown maids
A branch of *Styx* here rises from the Shades,

That tinctur'd as it runs with *Lethe's* streams,
And wafting vapours from the land of Dreams
(As under seas *Alphæus'* secret sluice
Bears *Pisa's* offerings to his *Arethuse*),
Pours into *Thames:* each City bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
How to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him soft; how all the bards arose,
Taylor, sweet Swan of *Thames*, majestic bows,
And *Shadwell* nods the poppy on his brows;
While *Milbourn* there, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
And "Take (he said) these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine."

He ceas'd, and shew'd the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend *Flamen* in his lengthen'd dress.
Slow moves the Goddess from the sable flood,
(Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of *Lud*.
Her Critics there she summons, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

Here you! in whose grave heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
My *Henley's* periods, or my *Blackmore's* numbers?
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all subduing charms who dares defy,
And boasts *Ulysses'* ear with *Argus'* eye;
To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three *Cambridge* Sophs and three pert Templars came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same,
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate,
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring,
The heroes sit; the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum,
Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone,
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on;
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose,
At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine:
And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drousy God,
Thrice *Budgel* aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent *Arthur*, knock'd his chin and breast.
Toland and *Tindal*, prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here.
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
At what a *Dutchman* plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes,
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion, from one circle to the rest;

So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.
At last *Centlivre* felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale,
Boyer the State, and *Law* the Stage gave o'er,
Nor *Kelsey* talk'd, nor *Naso* whisper'd more;
Norton, from *Daniel* and *Ostræa* sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbering visit, and convey to stews:
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate:
How *Laurus* lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE THIRD.

AFTER the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy to the Elysian *shade; where on the banks of* Lethe, *the souls of the dull are dipped by* Bavius, *before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of* Settle, *and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he is himself destined to perform. He takes him to a* Mount *of* Vision, *from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by* Science, *how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of* Great Britain, *shews by what aids, and by what persons, it shall be forthwith brought to her empire. These he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject* Settle *breaks*

into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be overrun with Farces, Operas, and Shows; and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the Theatres; then how her sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences, till in conclusion all shall return to their original Chaos: a scene, of which the present Action of the Dunciad is but a Type or Foretaste, giving a Glimpse, or Pisgah-sight, *of the promised Fulness of her Glory; the accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the Theme of many other and greater Dunciads.*

BOOK III.

But in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtain'd round with vapours blue,
And soft besprinkled with *Cimmerian* dew.
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reason know.
Hence, from the straw where *Bedlam's* Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:
Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descended to th' *Elysian* Shade.
There, in a dusky vale where *Lethe* rolls,
Old *Bavius* sits, to dip poetic Souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where *Brown* and *Mears* unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array,
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the stars of night, and morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at *Ward* in Pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: when lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which *Settle* wore,
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
Oh born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore;
The hand of *Bavius* drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future Fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long, thy transmigrating soul
Might from *Bœotian* to *Bœotian* roll!
How many *Dutchmen* she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?
As man's meanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See round the Poles where keener spangles shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd;
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!

Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science at a birth begun.
One godlike Monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring *Tartar* bounds.
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there:
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy *Vulcan* roll,
And lick up all their Physic of the soul.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall;
Soon as they dawn, from *Hyperborean* skies,
Embodied dark, what clouds of *Vandals* rise!
Lo where *Mœotis* sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing *Tanais* thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of *Goths*, of *Alans*, and of *Huns*.
See, *Alaric's* stern port! the martial frame
Of *Genseric!* and *Attila's* dread name!
See, the bold *Ostrogoths* on *Latium* fall;
See, the fierce *Visigoths* on *Spain* and *Gaul*.
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' *Arabian* prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.

See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep;
And all the Western world believe and sleep.
Lo *Rome* herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And *Bacon* trembling for his brazen head;
Padua with sighs beholds her *Livy* burn,
And ev'n th' *Antipodes Virgilius* mourn.
See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, *Tyber* chok'd with Gods:
Till *Peter's* keys some christen'd *Jove* adorn,
And *Pan* to *Moses* lends his pagan horn;
See graceless *Venus* to a Virgin turn'd,
Or *Phidias* broken, and *Apelles* burn'd.
Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and piebald, linsey-woolsey brothers,
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was *Britain*—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had *Easter* never been!
In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage.
And see! my son, the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway;
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.

As *Berecynthia*, while her offspring vie
In homage, to the Mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in the blest abode
A hundred sons, and every son a God:
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take thro' *Grub-street* her triumphant round,
And her *Parnassus* glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.
Mark first that youth who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new *Cibber* shall the stage adorn.
A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another *Durfey*, *Ward!* shall sing in thee.
Thee shall each Ale-house, thee each Gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring Gin-shops sowrer sighs return.
Lo next two slipshod Muses traipse along,
In lofty madness, meditating song,
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in *Castalia's* streams:
Haywood, *Centlivre*, glories of their race!
Lo *Horneck's* fierce, and *Room's* funereal face;
Lo sneering *Goode*, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.
Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.
Lo *Bond* and *Foxton*, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:

Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break *Priscian*'s head, and *Pegasus's* neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The *Pindars*, and the *Miltons* of a *Curl*.

Silence, ye Wolves! while *Ralph* to *Cynthia* howls,
And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls!
Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and *Morris* may be read.

Flow, *Welsted*, flow! like thine inspirer Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothy dull;
Heady, not strong; and foaming, tho' not full.

Ah *Dennis!* *Gildon* ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics' gore.

Behold yon Pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Fam'd for good-nature, *Burnet*, and for truth;
Ducket for pious passion to the youth.
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share;
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

"But who is he, in closet closely pent,
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,
On parchment scraps y fed, and *Wormius* hight."
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who like owls see only in the dark,
A Lumberhouse of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity his Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo *Henley* stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, *Henley!* with thy strain,
While *Kennet*, *Hare*, and *Gibson*, preach in vain.
Oh great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once, and *Zany* of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of *Egypt's* wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods!
But fate with butchers plac'd thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl;
And bade thee live, to crown *Britannia's* praise,
In *Toland's*, *Tindal's*, and in *Woolston's* days.
Yet oh, my sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours, a *Bacon* or a *Locke* to blame,
A *Newton's* Genius, or a *Milton's* flame:
But O! with one, immortal One dispense,
The source of *Newton's* Light, of *Bacon's* Sense!
Content, each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.

Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God.
  Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
See now, what dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms that smite the simple heart,
Not touch'd by nature, and not reach'd by art.
  He look'd, and saw a sable Sorc'rer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth,
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
  Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own.
Another *Cynthia* her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns:
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg produces human race.
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought:
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought!
  Son! what thou seek'st is in thee. Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet wouldst thou more? In yonder cloud behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,

A matchless youth! His nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal *Rich!* how calm he sits at ease,
Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But lo! to dark encounter in mid air.
New wizards rise: here *Booth*, and *Cibber* there:
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons *Cibber* mounts the wind:
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all *Drury*, there all *Lincolns-Inn*.
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.
And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
For works like these let deathless Journals tell,
"None but thyself can be thy parallel."
These, Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In *Lud's* old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
Far, as loud *Bow's* stupendous bells resound;
Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed Heroes, the pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roasting Popes;

(Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race,
'Tis the same rope at several ends they twist,
To Dulness, *Ridpath* is as dear as *Mist.*)
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, heav'n! that thou or *Cibber* e'er
Should wag two serpent-tails in *Smithfield* fair.
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness can never stray,
And licks up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last;
Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial, Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway.
To aid her cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for *Faustus* is thy friend:
Pluto with *Cato* thou for her shalt join,
And link the *Mourning Bride* to *Proserpine.*
Grub-street! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from fire,
Another *Æschylus* appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like *Semele's*, be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now *Bavius* take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' *Augustus*, born to bring Saturnian times:
Beneath his reign, shall *Eusden* wear the bays,
Cibber preside, Lord-Chancellor of Plays.
Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And *Ambrose Philips* be preferr'd for wit!
While naked mourns the Dormitory wall,
And *Jones* and *Boyle's* united labours fall,
While *Wren* with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends,
Hibernian politics, O *Swift*, thy fate,
And *Pope*'s whole years to comment and translate.

Proceed, great days! till learning fly the shore,
Till birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till *Thames* see *Eton's* sons for ever play,
Till *Westminster's* whole year be holiday;
Till *Isis*' elders reel, their pupils sport;
And *Alma Mater* lie dissolv'd in port!

Signs following signs lead on the mighty year;
See! the dull stars roll round and reappear.
She comes! the cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!
With Night primeval, and with Chaos old.
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd;
Light dies before her uncreating word.
As one by one, at dread *Medea's* strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As *Argus*' eyes, by *Hermes*' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.

See sculking Truth in her old cavern lie,
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry:
Philosophy, that touch'd the heavens before,
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more:
See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!
See Metaphysic call for aid on sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly;
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Thy hand, great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

Enough! enough! the raptur'd monarch cries;
And thro' the Ivory gate the vision flies.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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